

JULY

No.12

10¢

SMASH COMICS



ESPIONAGE



INVISIBLE HOOD



ABDUL THE ARAB



WINGS WENDALL



IN THIS ISSUE
Bozo the Robot
WITH HUGH HAZZARD
CHIC CARTER, ARCHIE O'TOOLE, CLIP
CHANCE, ABDUL THE ARAB, AND MANY
OTHERS
64 Pages of Thrilling Adventures

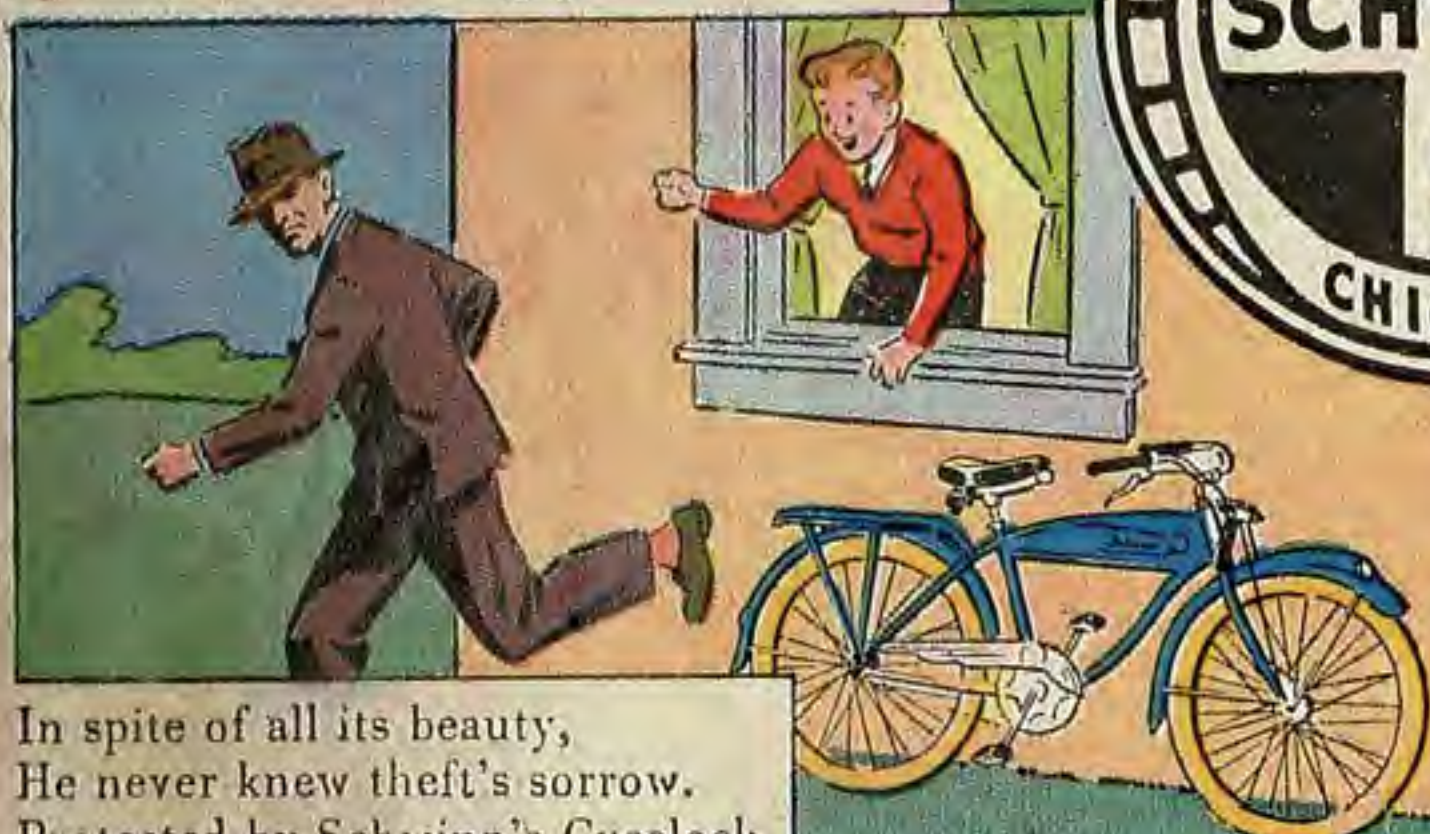
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys!

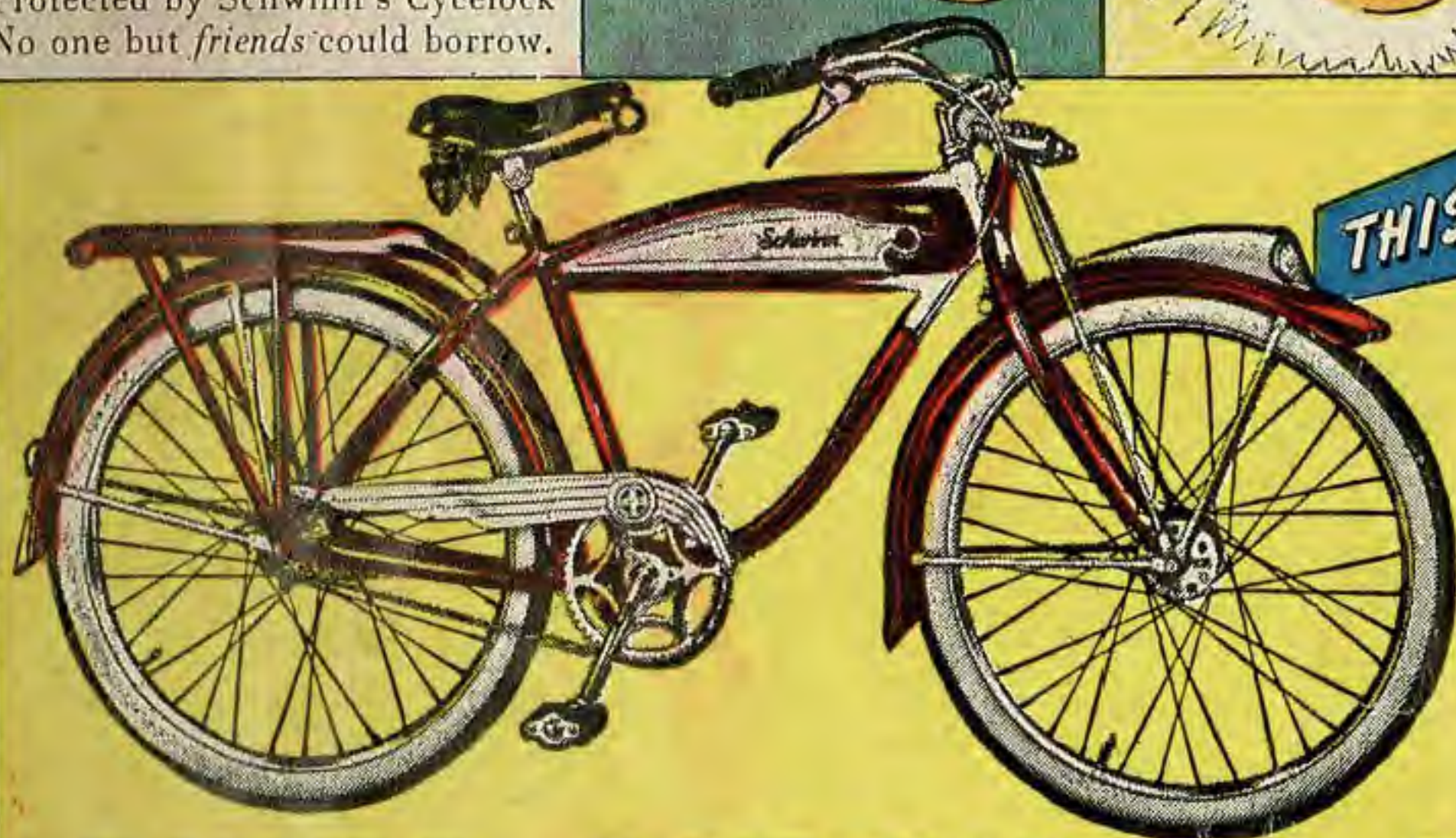
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow.
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring *this* one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you *should*
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for *free* copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE Booklet**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
1764 N. Kildare, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 illustrated FREE booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name.....

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ESPIONAGE



STARRING BLACK X
and the Hunchback of Notre Dame

BY
ERWIN

BEHIND THE BLARE OF NEWSPAPERS, BENEATH THE CENSORED DISPATCHES OF WAR, A FAR GRIMMER STRUGGLE WAGES IN THE SILENT BATTLEFIELD OF THE ESPIONAGE... SPIES, COUNTER-SPIES, STEALTH... A SHADOWY FIGURE, A SHOT IN THE DARK, ITS THE GRIM GAME PLAYED TO OBTAIN A TINY SCRAP OF INFORMATION, AND ABOVE ALL THIS LOOMS THIS MONSTROUS FIGURE OF THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME...

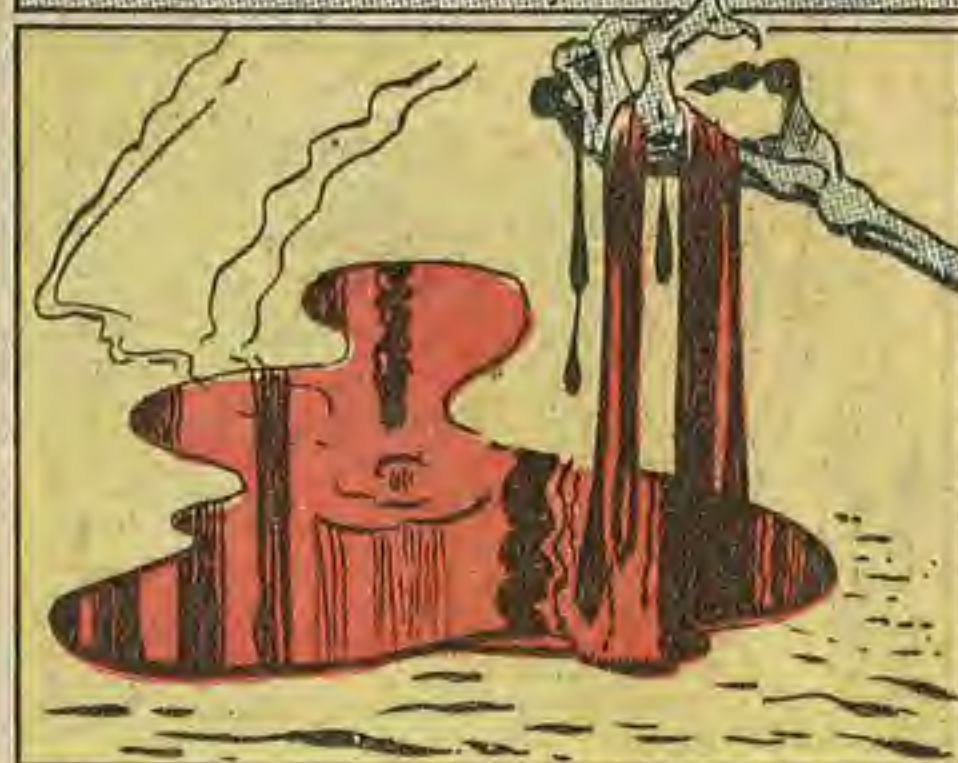


ALMOST SIX MONTHS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR HAD GONE BY... SIX MONTHS OF TENSE WAITING FOR THE REAL CONFLICT THAT WOULD DESTROY EUROPE.



ACROSS FRESH TRENCHES GRIM SOLDIERS AWAIT A SIGNAL...

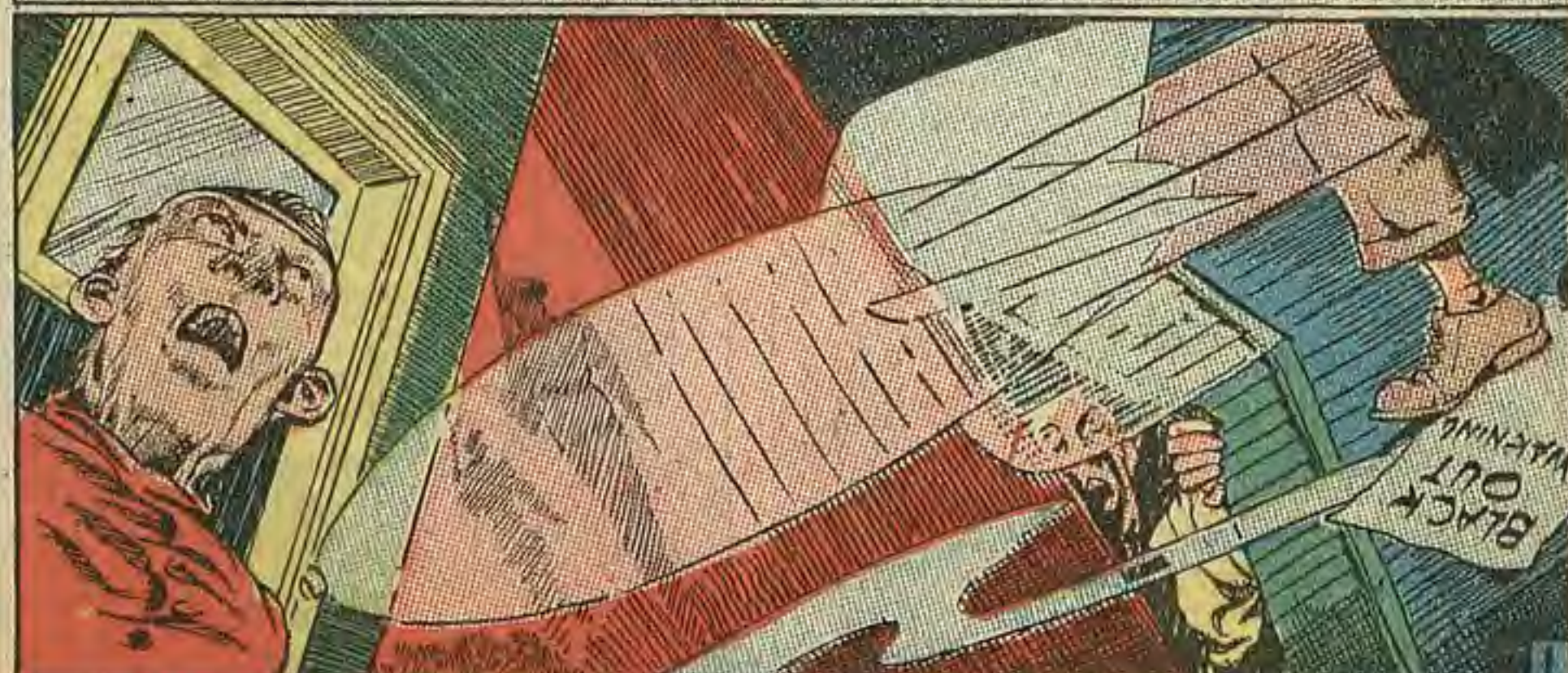
WINTER SLOWS OPERATIONS... THE MILITARY MACHINES HALT... WAIT FOR THE SPRING... BUT WAR IS NOT SUCH A GAME, IT SPREADS.



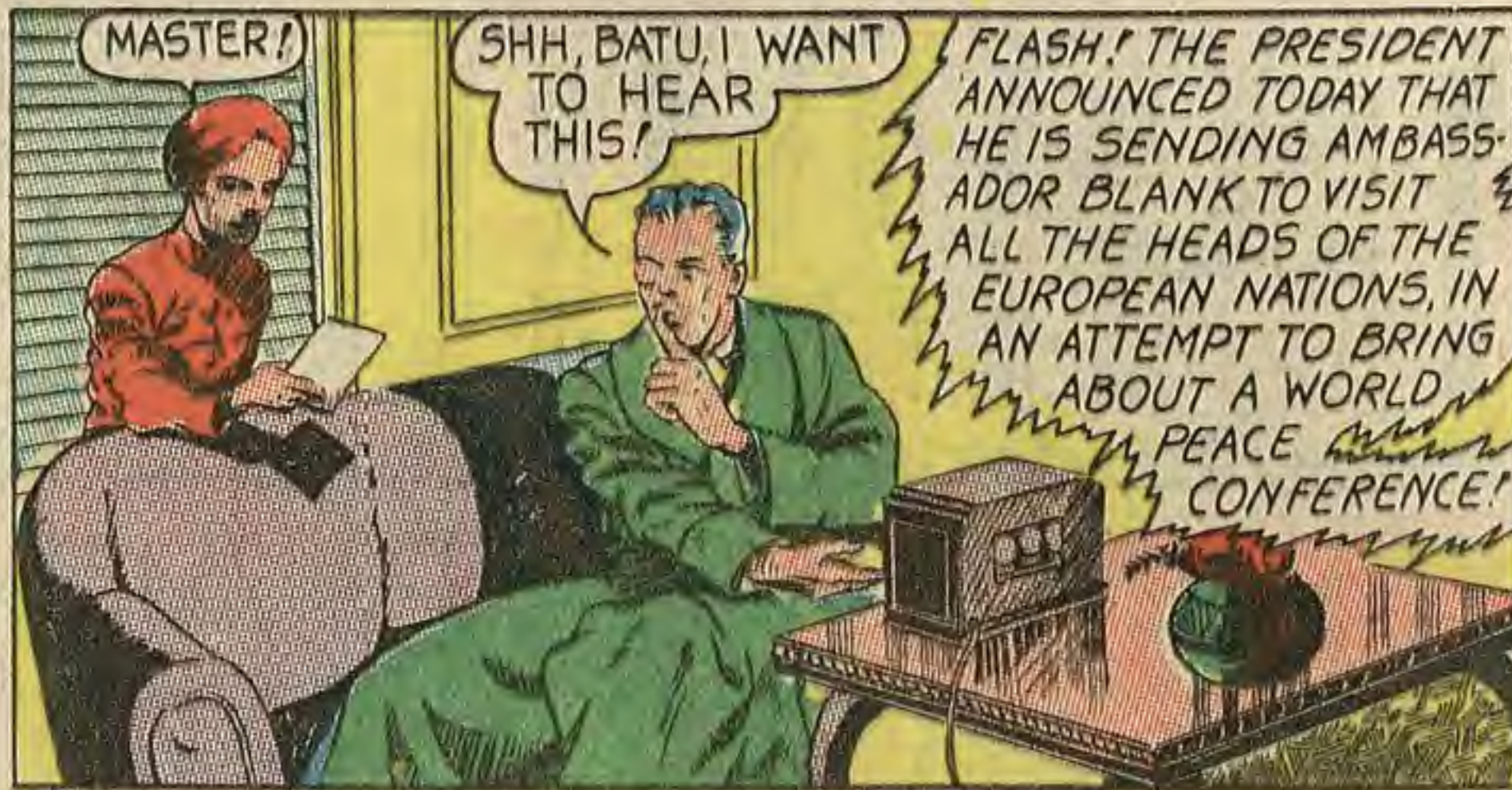
IN THE DARK CORRIDORS OF EMBASSIES, SMOOTH, SHREWD DIPLOMATS PLAY A DEADLY GAME IN HUSHED TONES.



WHILE BACK HOME, THEIR PEOPLE STARVE AND SCAN THE BLEAK SKIES FOR THE DESTRUCTION THEY KNOW WILL COME.

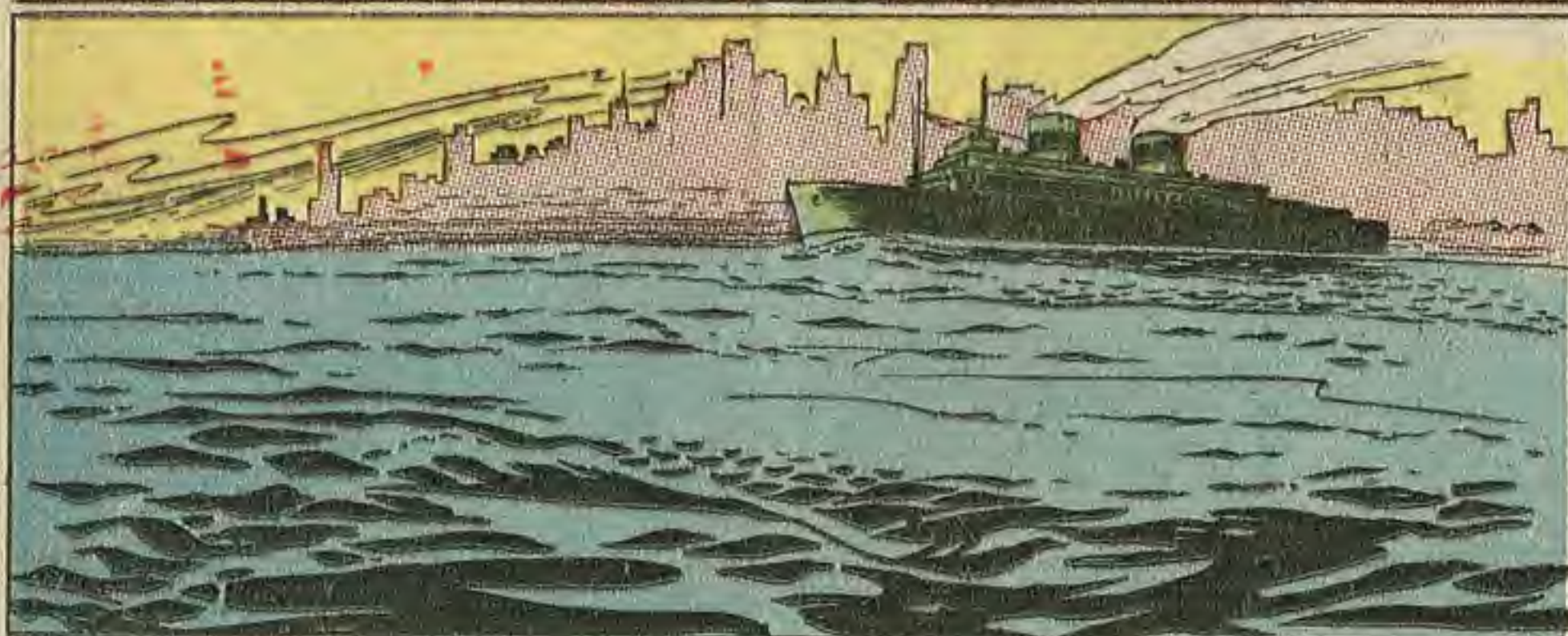


MEANWHILE, IN AMERICA THE DETERMINATION FOR PEACE GROWS IN BLACK X'S APARTMENT, THE FAMOUS SECRET AGENT LOUNGES BEFORE A RADIO...





TWO DAYS LATER, THE SUPER LINER, "GULL," PUSHES HER SLEEK PROW OUT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, TOWARD THE MINED WATERS OF EUROPE.



IN CABIN 23, ON "B" DECK, IS THE VENERABLE AMBASSADOR BLANK.



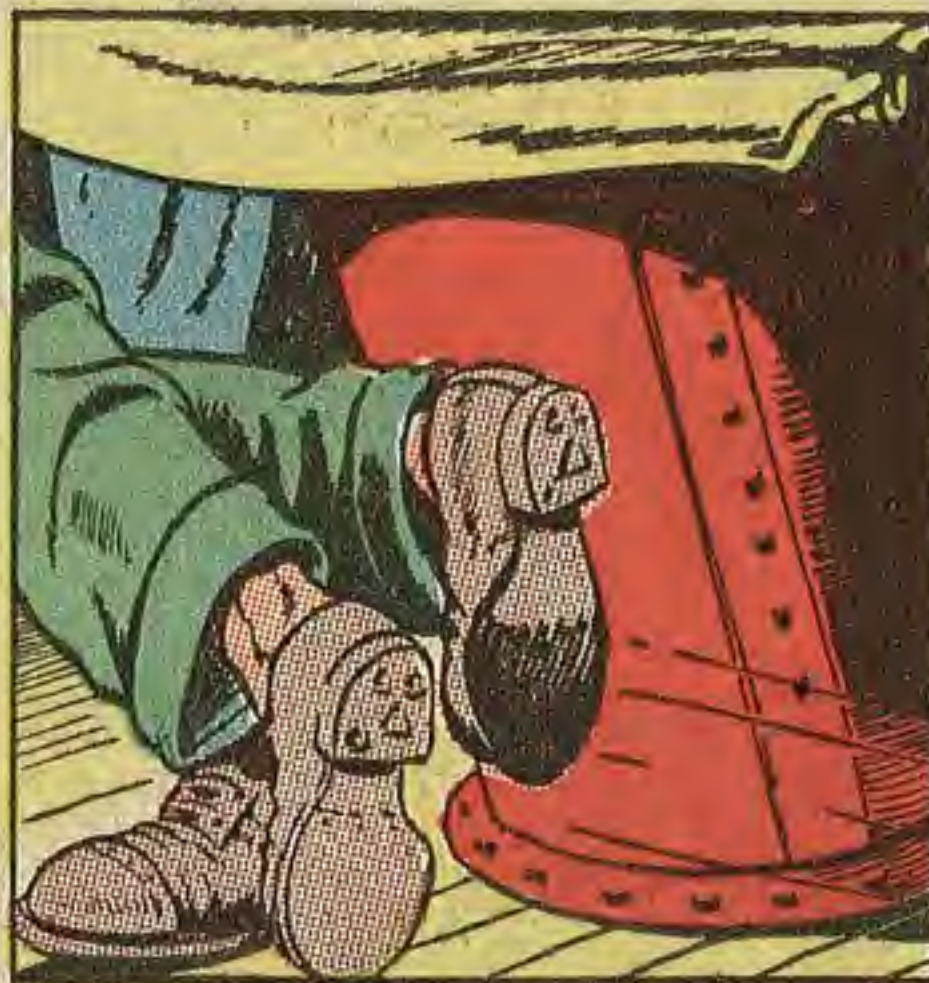
IN CABIN 24, BLACK X KEEPS A VIGIL...



TWO DAYS OF UNEVENTFUL TRAVEL. THEN, ONE FOGGY NIGHT...



AS BLANK NEARS THE RAIL...



THE MAN STUMBLES, AND A LITHE FIGURE LEAPS UPON HIM.



JUST THEN, ANOTHER FIGURE LEAPS ACROSS THE DECK AT THE STILL UNSUSPECTING AMBASSADOR.



BUT.....

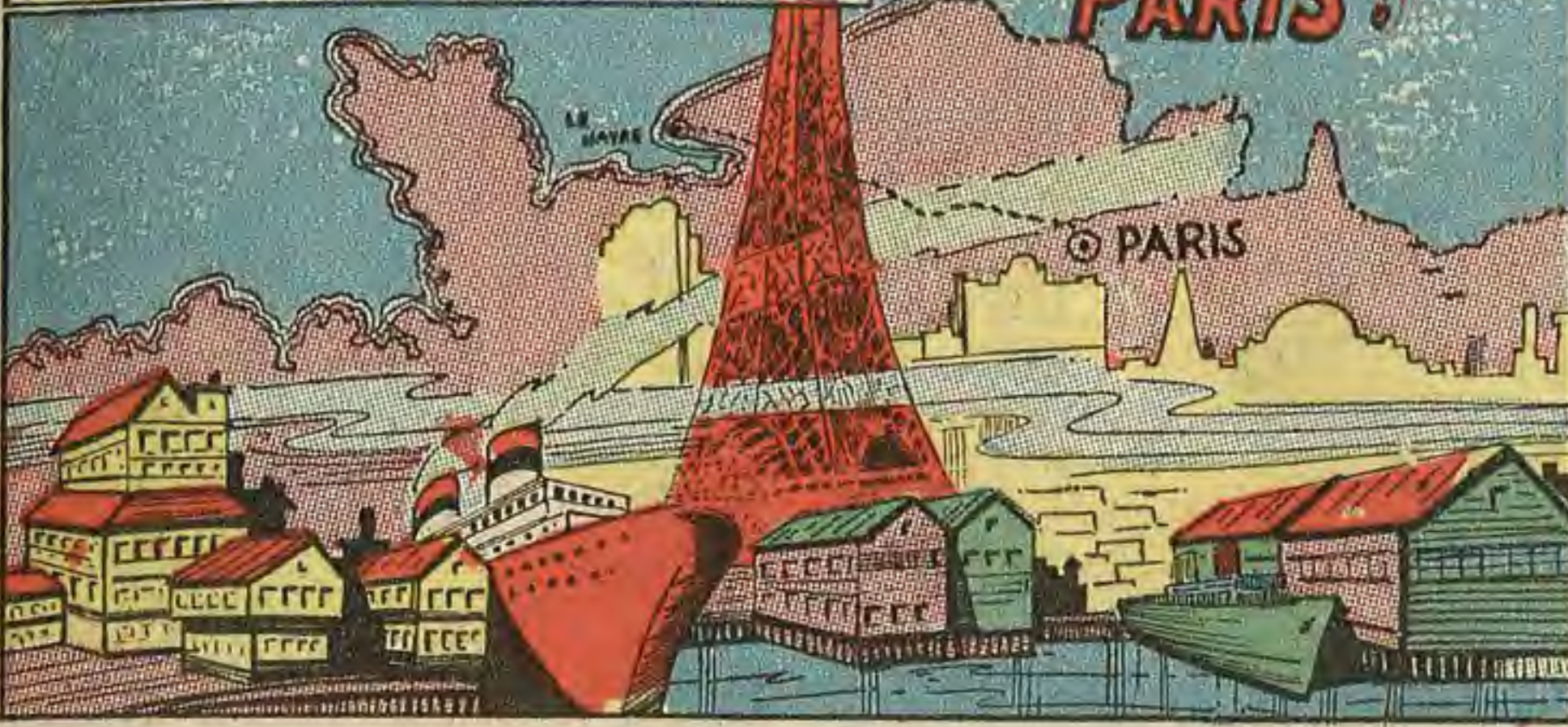


A MOMENT LATER, AMBASSADOR BLANK STROLLS BY.



SO, AFTER A "PEACEFUL" VOYAGE . . .

PARIS!



AT A SMART CAFE, BLACKX WAITS FOR HIS TRUSTED FRIEND, BATU.



WELL, WHAT NEWS, BATU?

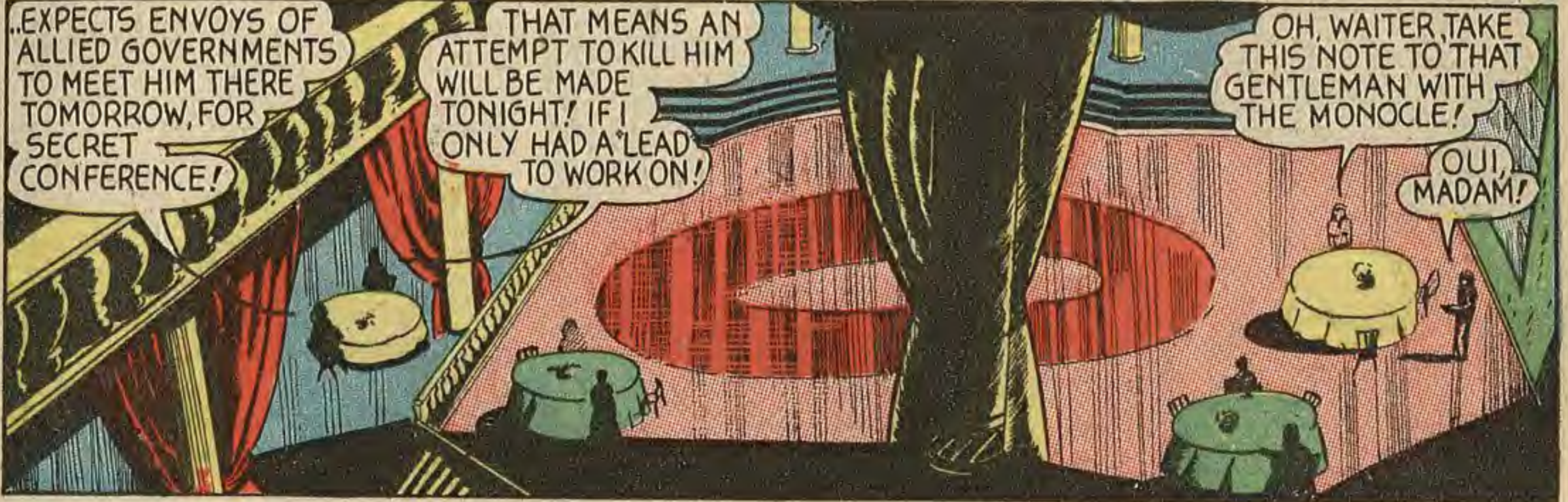
AMBASSADOR IS STAYING AT HOTEL BEAUMONT!

EXPECTS ENVOYS OF ALLIED GOVERNMENTS TO MEET HIM THERE TOMORROW, FOR SECRET CONFERENCE!

THAT MEANS AN ATTEMPT TO KILL HIM WILL BE MADE TONIGHT! IF I ONLY HAD A LEAD TO WORK ON!

OH, WAITER, TAKE THIS NOTE TO THAT GENTLEMAN WITH THE MONOCLE!

OUI, MADAM!



MADAM DOOM! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN... AND I, LIKE A SENTIMENTAL FOOL, BURNED HER PICTURE!

Wont you come over to my table and visit? Madam Doom

MADAM DOOM, PLEASANT MEETING YOU AGAIN!

HMM, BLACKX, YOU'RE HANDSOMER THAN EVER! WONT YOU SIT DOWN?



STILL PLAYING THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME, MADAM?

YES, TODAY I WORK FOR THIS NATION, AND TOMORROW FOR THAT! WAITER! TWO MARTINIS!



WHAT BRINGS YOU TO PARIS? . AMBASSADOR BLANK?

TUT TUT-YOU'RE NOT BEING VERY CLEVER. DO YOU THINK I'D ANSWER THAT?

HA-HA! OH, WELL, I MUST GO NOW. PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN!

I HOPE SO, MADAM.

SOONER THAN YOU THINK! BATU, I'VE GOT MY LEAD! NOW FOR ACTION!



DARKNESS OVER PARIS... A TALL, LITHE FIGURE STEPS ONTO THE BALCONY OF AMBASSADOR BLANK'S SUITE... A HASTY GLANCE ABOUT... HE ENTERS...



W-WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? THIS IS A GUN IN YOUR BACK... NOW, KEEP QUIET AND DO AS I SAY!



STEP BEHIND THESE CURTAINS, AND KEEP SILENT! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, SIR!



THE INTENSE SILENCE IS SOON DISTURBED BY A SLIGHT SCRAPING SOUND... THEN, FROM THE NOCTURNAL SHADOWS...



AN UGLY MISSHAPEN HULK EMERGES AND CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!



FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY, HE STANDS LEERING, A HALF-MAN, HALF-BEAST, SEEKING HIS PREY!



THE HUNCHBACK LEAPS FORWARD!



AS IF IN ANSWER, HAWKENS ENTERS...



UNHARMED, THE HUNCHBACK TAKES TO THE WALLS OF THE BUILDING.



WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A JUNGLE CAT, HE DRAGS HIS VICTIM TO THE BALCONY, AS BLACK X OPENS FIRE...



LATER...

AS SOON AS I GOT CLOSE TO HIM I REALIZED HE WAS THE WRONG MAN, BUT I HAD TO FINISH THE JOB! SO, YOU STUPID FOOL, IT WAS NOT BLANK!





I-I'M SORRY, ESMERALDA, SO SORRY... SNIF... I'D MURDER ALL PARIS FOR YOU! I-I LOVE YOU!

OH, STOP WIMPERING! I'VE GOT TO THINK... A PLAN!



I'M SORRY... IT'S ONLY THAT YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL AND I-I AM SO UGLY... TELL ME AGAIN, ESMERALDA, YOU DO NOT HATE ME... YOU... YOU LOVE ME....

YES-YES! NOW KEEP QUIET!



AH, I HAVE IT!!! WE MUST GET A MESSAGE OUT OF FRANCE, BUT BLACK X IS VERY CLEVER. HE KNOWS I'M UP TO SOMETHING AND IS PROBABLY ON MY TRAIL... THE BELLS... THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME!!



AT DUSK, WHEN YOU RING THE BELLS FOR EVENING VESPERS, WE'LL SEND OUR MESSAGE!

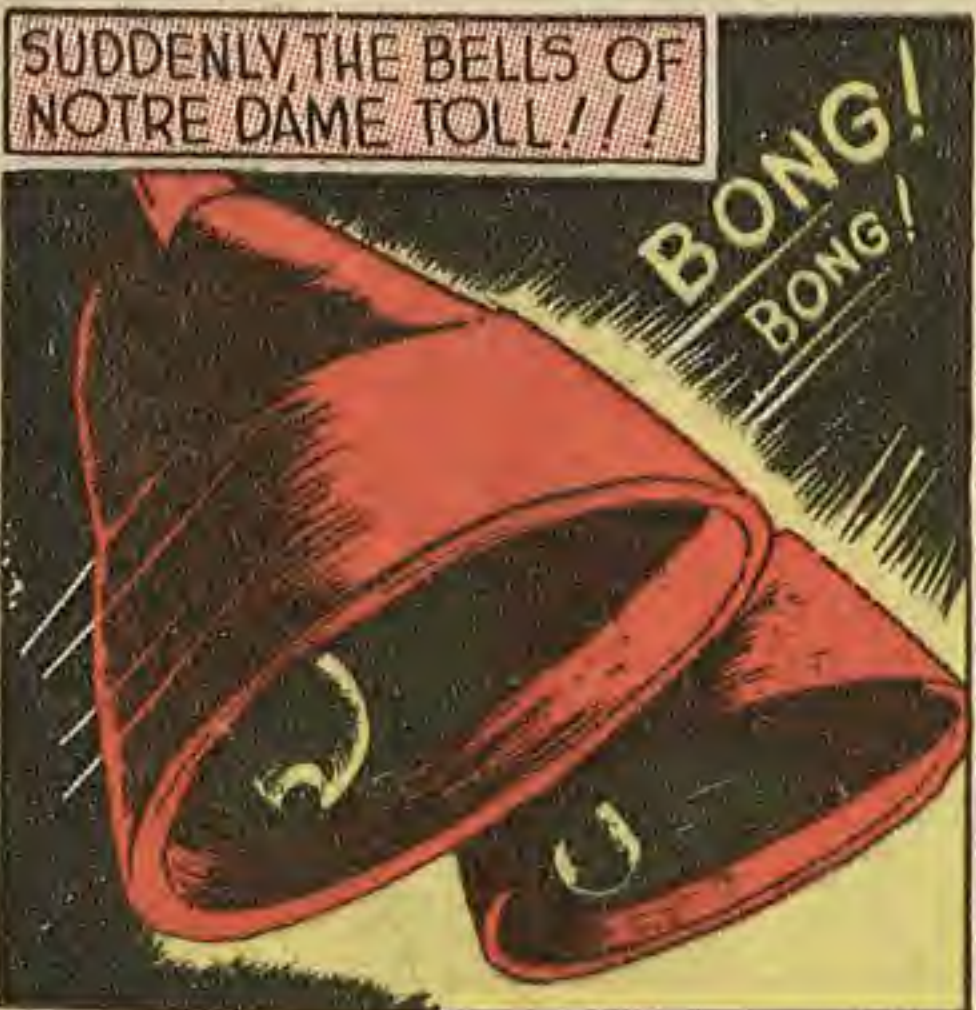


MEANWHILE, BLACK X AND BATU SCOUR THE CITY FOR A TRACE OF THE STRANGE KILLER....

IF INFORMATION LEAKS OUT THAT THE AMBASSADOR'S SECRETARY WAS KILLED, THE WHOLE PEACE MISSION WILL FAIL!



IF ONLY I CAN FIND THAT HUNCHBACK... IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD, AN ODD CREATURE LIKE THAT!



SUDDENLY, THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME TOLL!!!

BONG!
BONG!



IN ANOTHER PART OF PARIS... FLEET HANDS RECORD IN MUSICAL NOTES THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

DANG DONG



WE WILL TRY TO STOP PEACE
PARLEY
P.B.
LISTEN, BATU, THOSE BELLS!



OF COURSE, MASTER, THIS IS NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

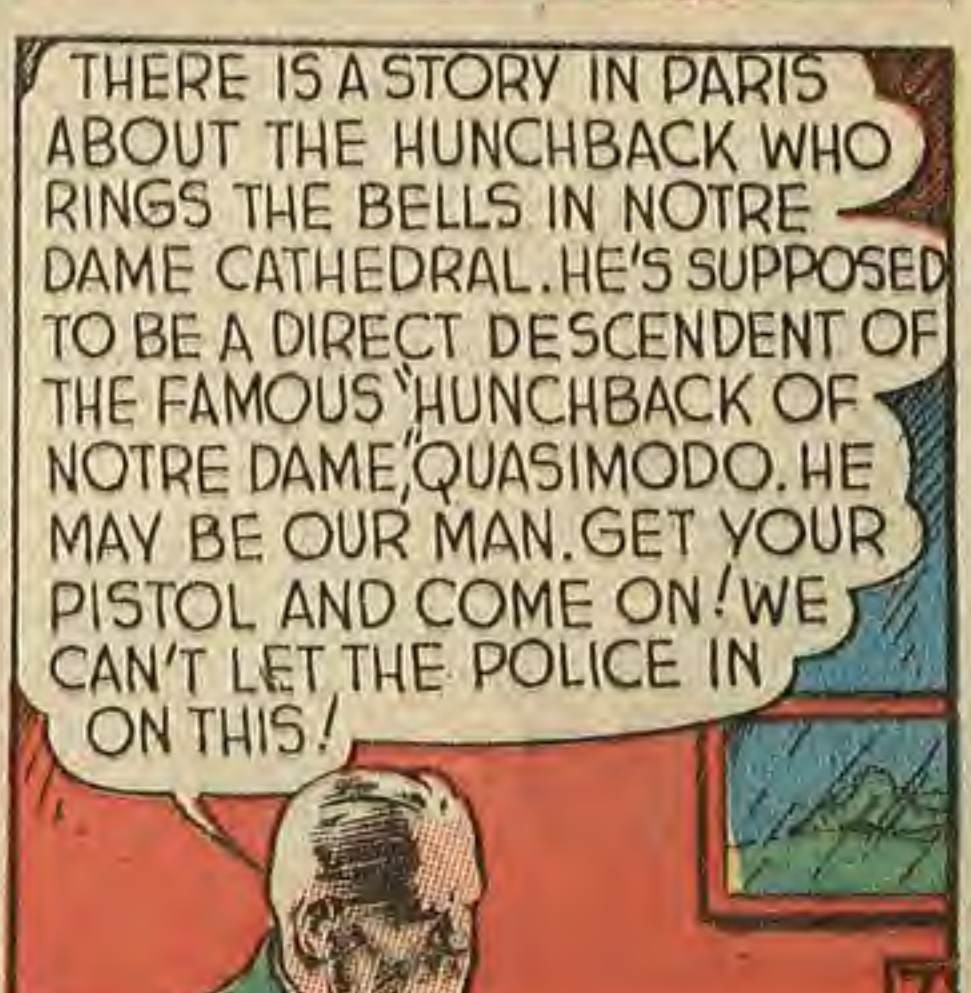
YES-VICTOR HUGO'S FAMOUS STORY, THE HUNCHBACK OF... BY JOVE!! THAT'S IT! I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE HUNCHBACK!



MEANWHILE, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TALKS TO THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT PARIS.

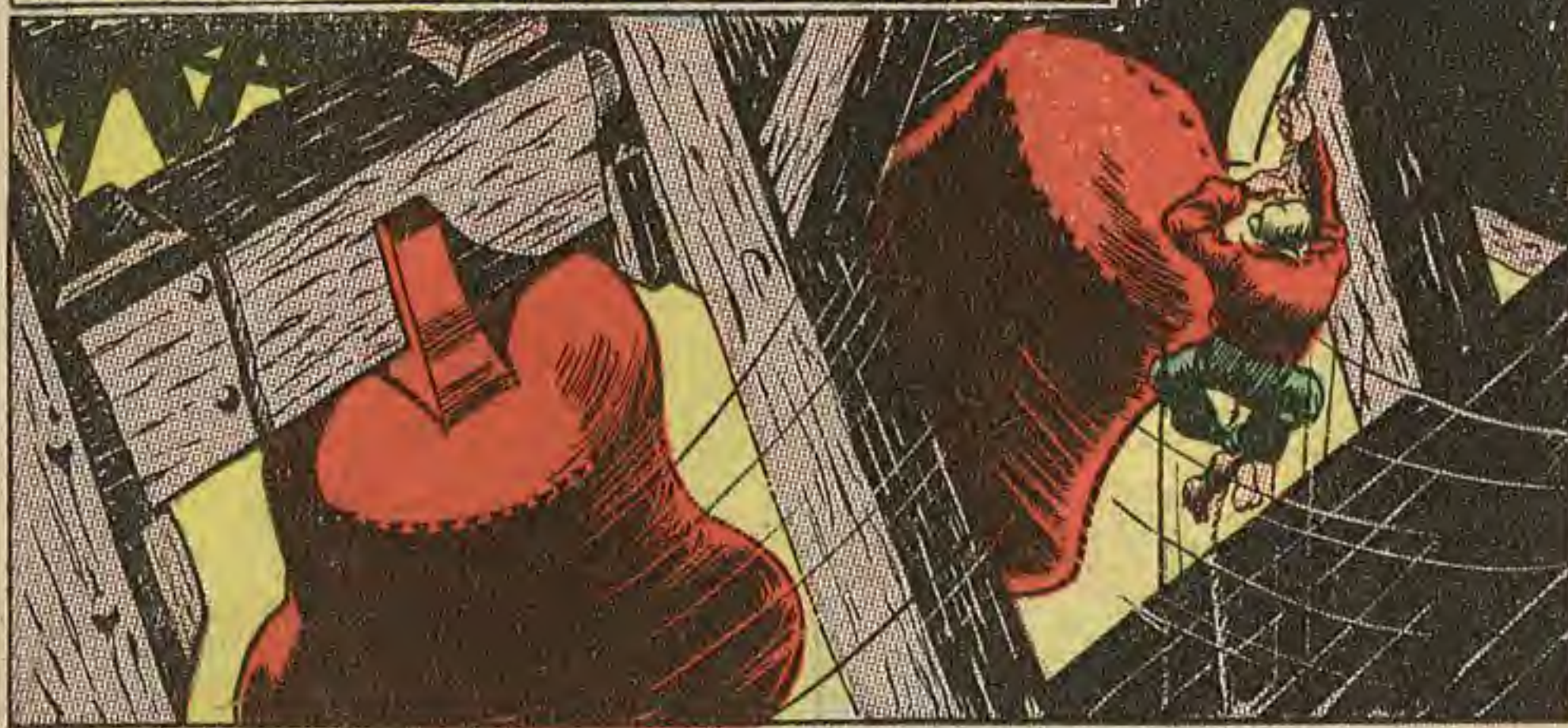
I MUST FIND THAT HUNCHBACK AND CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF HAWKENS' MURDER, BEFORE THE PEACE CONFERENCE!

HUNCHBACK, Hmm...



THERE IS A STORY IN PARIS ABOUT THE HUNCHBACK WHO RINGS THE BELLS IN NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE FAMOUS 'HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', QUASIMODO. HE MAY BE OUR MAN. GET YOUR PISTOL AND COME ON! WE CAN'T LET THE POLICE IN ON THIS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE BELFRY OF NOTRE DAME...



THE MESSAGE'S BEEN SENT,
NOW STOP THOSE INFERNAL BELLS, I'M GOING DEAF!!
STOP!!

AT THAT MOMENT, AIDED BY THE NOISE OF THE BELLS, BLACK X APPROACHES.



HELLO, MADAM DOOM!

YOU!

I KNEW YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS! THIS TIME, MADAM DOOM, YOU'RE MIXED UP IN MURDER!



NO-NO!
I DIDN'T DO IT!

IT WAS THE HUNCHBACK! HE KILLED HAWKENS! PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME!



I LOVE YOU! I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU! MARRY ME, AND LET US GIVE UP THIS FIGHTING! I KNOW YOU LOVE ME!



ABOVE THEM, GREEN JEALOUSY BURSTS INTO FATAL FLAME.



TUT TUT! I'LL BET YOU TOLD THAT ONE BEFORE, MADAM DOOM!

THE HUNCHBACK SPRINGS...



LOOK OUT, BLACK X!

BLACK X WHIRLS, EMPTYING HIS GUN AT THE DESCENDING FORM.



FOR A SPLIT SECOND, THE HUNCHBACK SEEMS TO HALT IN MID-AIR. THEN, LANDING ON THE SECRET AGENT, HE ATTACKS.



I KILL YOU! YOU STEAL MY ESMERALDA!

BLACK X COUNTERS WITH AN UPPER CUT.



BUT THE CRAZED CREATURE IS NOT TO BE STOPPED. HE LUNGES AGAIN!



FAR BELOW, BATU AMBASSADOR BLANK AND THE CONSUL ENTER THE BELL TOWER.



ALOFT, THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES. SUDDENLY, BLACK X LOSES FOOTING.



AND GOES HURTLING DOWN.



BUT CATCHES A DANGLING ROPE.



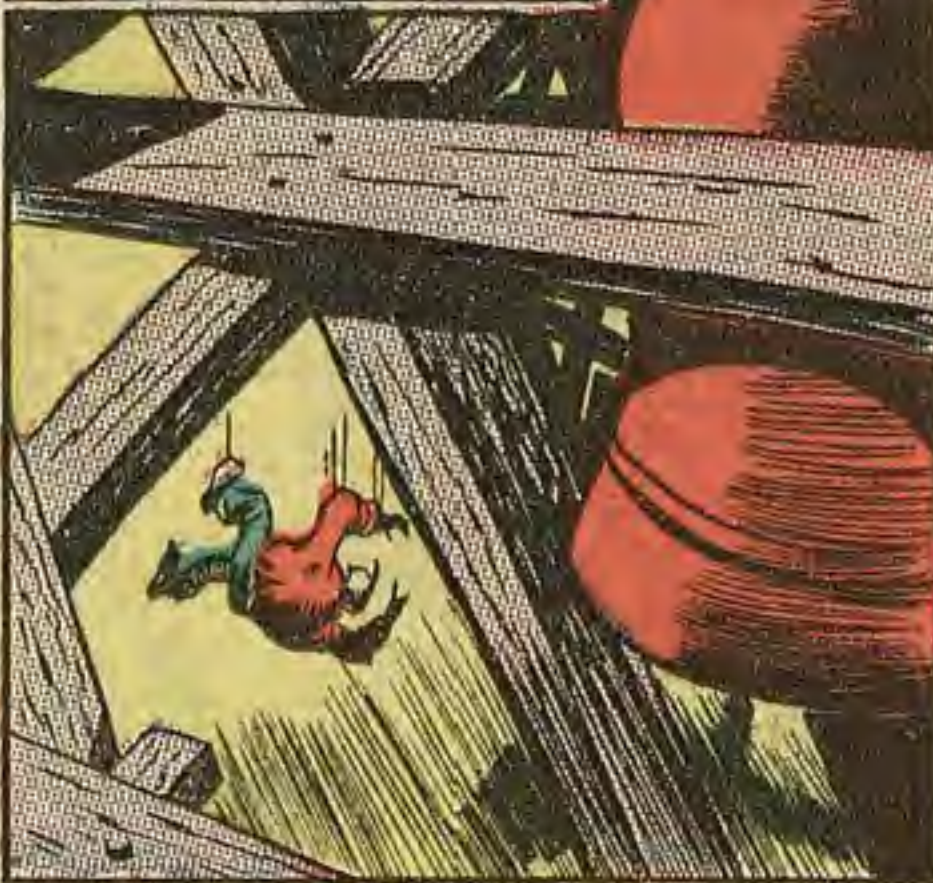
ABOVE, THE HUNCHBACK TURNS ON MADAM DOOM.



SUDDENLY, A HORRIBLE GASP ESCAPES THE HUNCHBACK AS BLACK X'S BULLETS TAKE EFFECT. HE HALTS.



AND TOPPLES TO HIS DEATH WITH A FEARFUL SHRIEK.



AT THAT MOMENT, BLACK X AND THE OTHERS ARRIVE.



AND ONCE MORE, MADAM DOOM ELUDES BLACK X.



MASTER, DOOM LADY GET AWAY AGAIN! IF SHE NOT HAVE GUN YOU WOULD CATCH HER, YES?



SOMETIME LATER, IN THEIR FAVORITE WASHINGTON RESTAURANT.



ABDUL

The ARAB

WEARY FROM HIS MANY ADVENTURES, ABDUL RETURNS TO HIS FATHER'S CAMP WITH FAITHFUL HASSAN.

BY Powell Roberts

THAT FELLOW IS IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET HERE, ABDUL!

HE IS ATTIRED IN THE RAIMENTS OF THE BALTHER TRIBE!

SALAAM, SHEIK SUPREME, NOBLE ALI BEY, I BRING SAD NEWS FROM MY TRIBE.

OUR SHEIK, BENI ABOU, IS DEAD AND HIS SUCCESSOR WAITS TO BE CROWNED!

AS THE RULER OF ALL THE TRIBES, FATHER, YOU WILL HAVE TO GO AT ONCE!

YES, I WILL GO IN THE MORNING! I WANT YOU TO GO ON AHEAD WITH HASSAN, AND WATCH OVER YOUNG BENI ABOU II UNTIL MY ARRIVAL!

'TILL THE MORROW!

HO! HASSAN, SPUR YOUR HORSE! YOU RIDE LIKE A GRAND-MOTHER!

FIE! LISTEN TO THE PUPIL TELL HIS TEACHER HOW TO RIDE!

MEANWHILE, IN BALTHAZAR, CAPITAL OF THE POWERFUL BALTHER TRIBES

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, ANITRA

IT ISN'T FAIR, RAHDIZ, IT ISN'T FAIR!

JUST BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN, I CAN'T BE THE RULER OF MY TRIBE! I WAS THE FIRST BORN, BUT NO! THAT YOUNG SPRIG OF A BROTHER WILL GET THE CROWN!

AH! BUT IF THAT YOUNG BROTHER WAS-ER-TO MEET WITH AN 'ACCIDENT,' THEN YOU WOULD BE QUEEN! PERHAPS IT CAN BE ARRANGED FOR A PRICE!

JUST BEFORE DAWN, ABDUL AND HASSAN GALLOP OVER THE HILLS OF THE DESERT AND APPROACH BALTHAZAR.



JUMPING ON HIS HORSE, BETH-SHEBA, ABDUL THUNDERS DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE!!



SO, FAT PIG! YOU WANT TO KILL ME TOO, EH?



FILTH OF SWINE! YOU SHOULD BE FRIED IN OIL FOR TRYING TO KILL BENI ABOU!



SHOOT, MAMOUD! SHOOT!

STOP SHAKING MY ARM! HOW CAN I?



YOU WON'T SHOOT ANYONE!

AWWKK!

MAMOUD! COME BACK!



OH, YOU WANT HIM BACK, EH, BIG NOSE? WELL HERE, TAKE HIM!



HO! HO! NICE TOSS, HASSAN! TO YOUR HORSE, HURRY! WE MUST GET BACK!



IF ANITRA IS CROWNED 'FORE WE GET THERE, OUR WORK WILL BE IN VAIN!



IN HER ROOM AT THE PALACE, ANITRA DONS THE REGAL ROBES.

IN AN HOUR I SHALL BE QUEEN!



AMID MUCH POMP AND CEREMONY PRINCES, SHEIKS AND TRIBESMEN GATHER IN THE MOSQUE FOR THE ELEVATION OF ANITRA TO QUEEN.



TO RULE WISELY AND WELL, AND PROTECT YOUR PEOPLE, I PLACE THIS-



SUDDENLY THE GREAT OAK DOOR CRASHES DOWN AND ABDUL RIDES IN!

STOP THE CORONATION!

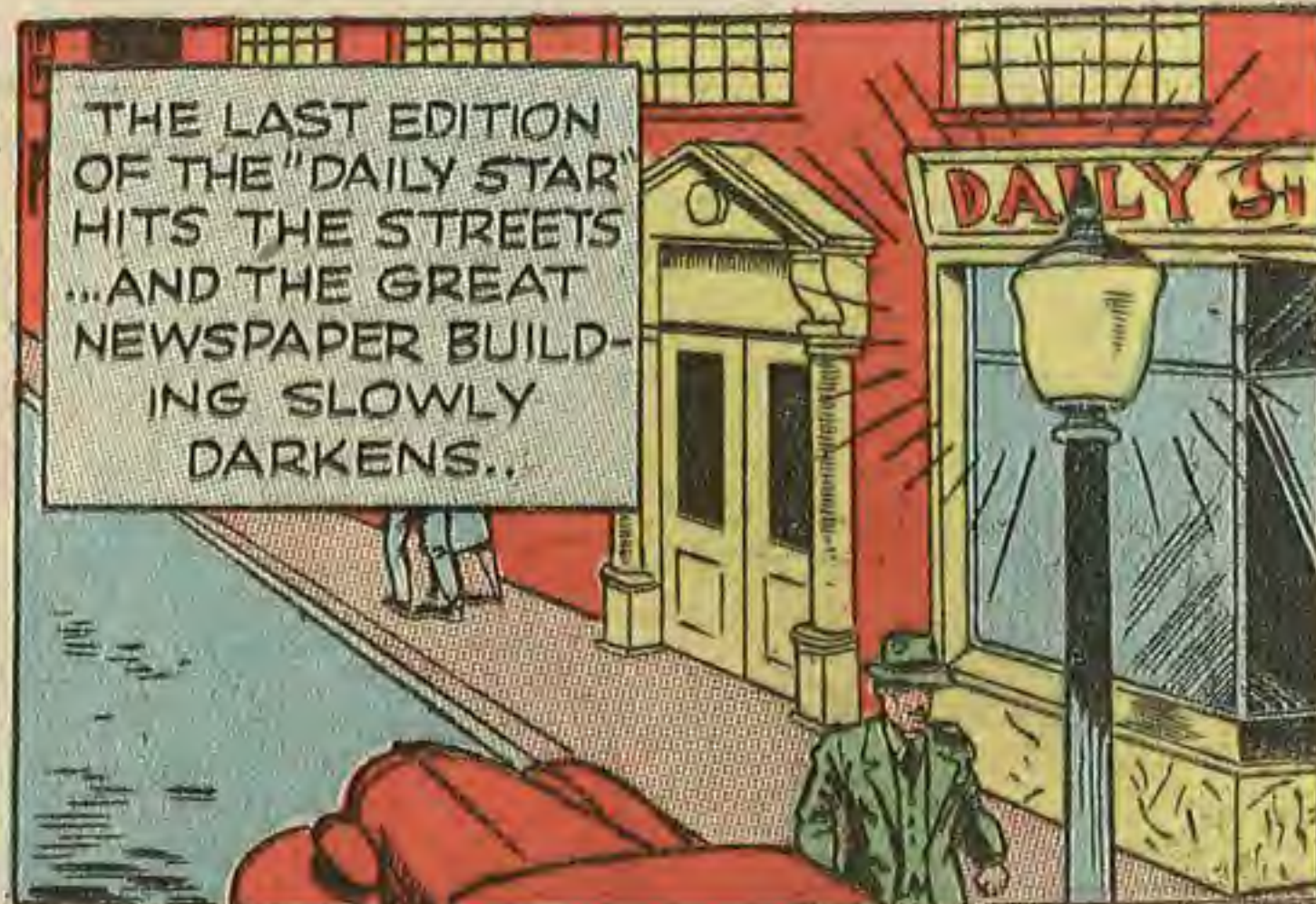




CHIC CARTER

ACE
REPORTER

THE LAST EDITION
OF THE "DAILY STAR"
HITS THE STREETS
...AND THE GREAT
NEWSPAPER BUILD-
ING SLOWLY
DARKENS...



YOU KNOW,
DAVE,, SOMEWHERE
IN THIS CITY
SOMETHING
BIG IS
HAPPENING
TONIGHT!



OK, SUPER
REPORTER
...AND
WHILE YOU
ARE HUNTING
TROUBLE, I'LL
BE CATCHING
SOME SLEEP!

CHINATOWN! CITY OF
MYSTERY... I THINK I'LL
STROLL DOWN THAT
WAY!



SUDDENLY A SCREAM
ECHOES THROUGH THE
DARK TWISTING ALLEYS
OF CHINATOWN...



A SCREAM!
THIS MAY BE
A STORY!



RACING IN THE DIRECTION
OF THE SCREAM, CHIC TRIPS
OVER AN OBSTRUCTION...



IT'S SUN YEN, THE
IMPORTER! STABBED!
AND AT THE DOOR
OF HIS OWN SHOP!



BUT THAT SCREAM..
IT WAS A GIRL'S!



IT CAME FROM HERE.. AH!
A SECRET DOOR.. AND
OPEN! HERE I GO!



...AND AT THE OTHER END
OF THE TUNNEL...









FU CHANG'S MEN ADVANCE.. BUT NOTHING HUMAN CAN WITHSTAND THE BLAST OF DEATH FROM CHIC'S GUN



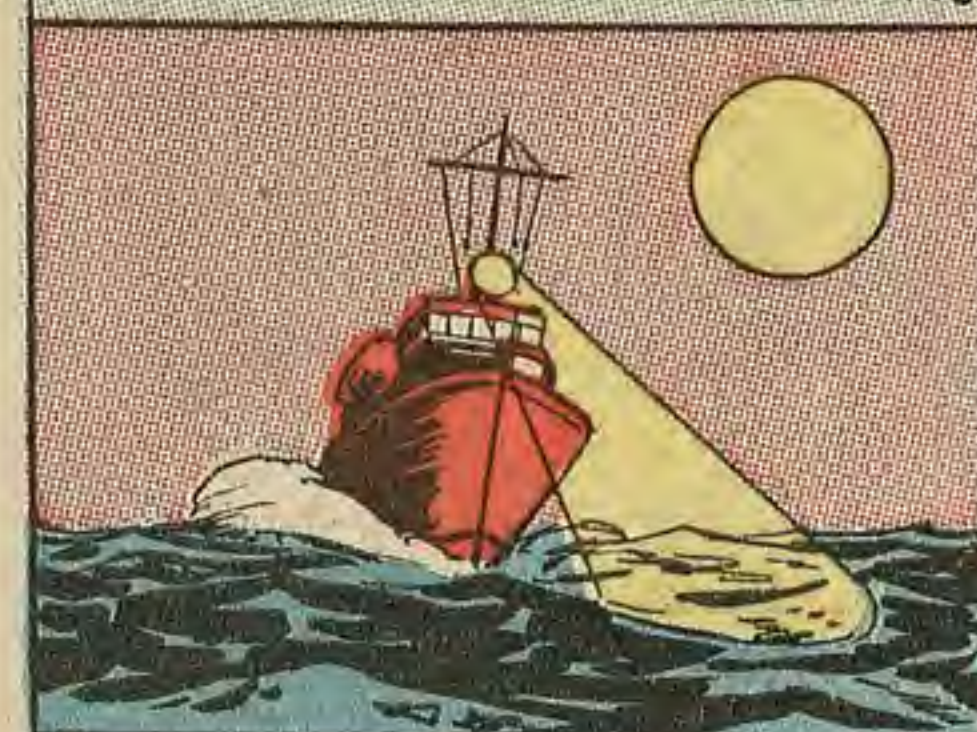
DRIVING THE CHINESE OUT OF THE ROOM, CHIC CRAWLS OUT OF A PORTHOLE TO MOMENTARY SAFETY!



HERE THEY COME AGAIN..THIS IS MY LAST STAND!



SUDDENLY A PIERCING SIREN ANNOUNCES THE APPROACH OF A COAST GUARD CUTTER ATTRACTED BY THE SHOOTING



THE PARTY'S OVER, CHANG! THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS...HERE COMES THE COAST GUARD!



THE CREW OF THE CUTTER BOARDS THE FREIGHTER..

CARTER! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I'D FIND YOU HERE!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, CAPTAIN! HOW'S FOR A LIFT TO SHORE?



NEXT MORNING... AT THE "DAILY STAR".

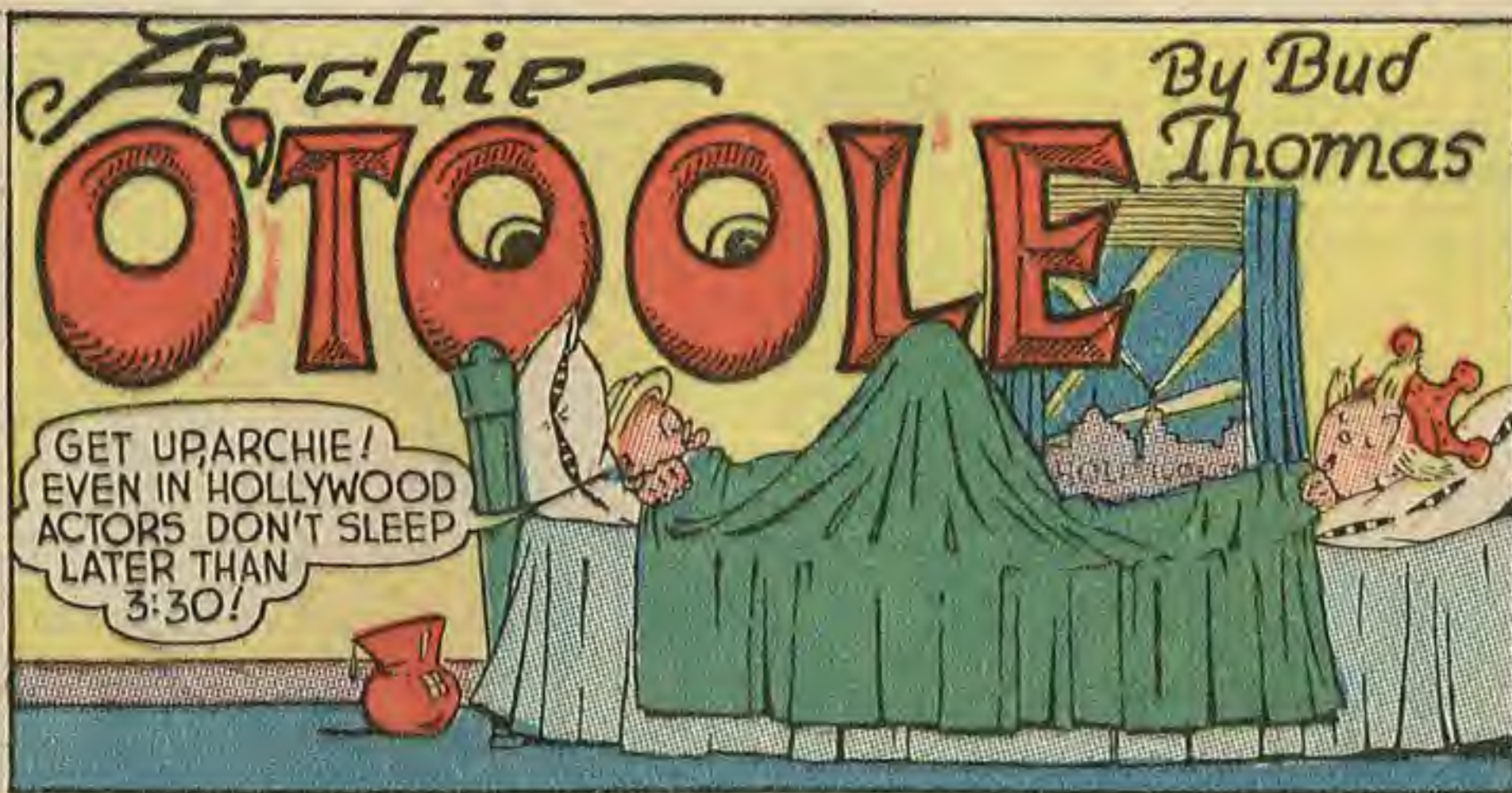


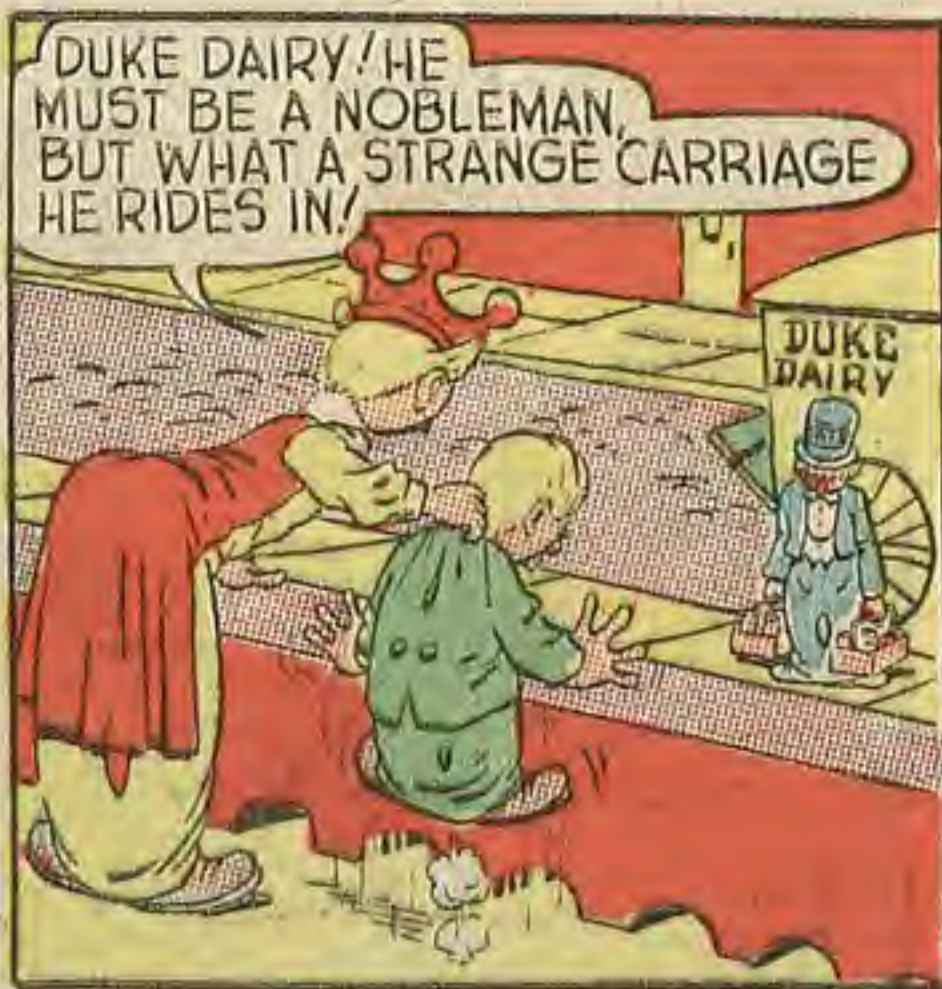
SAY, THERE WAS A BATTLE BETWEEN THE COAST GUARDS AND A BUNCH OF CHINKS LAST NIGHT AND...



I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! WHERE TROUBLE IS, YOU FIND CARTER... AND WHERE CARTER IS, YOU FIND TROUBLE!



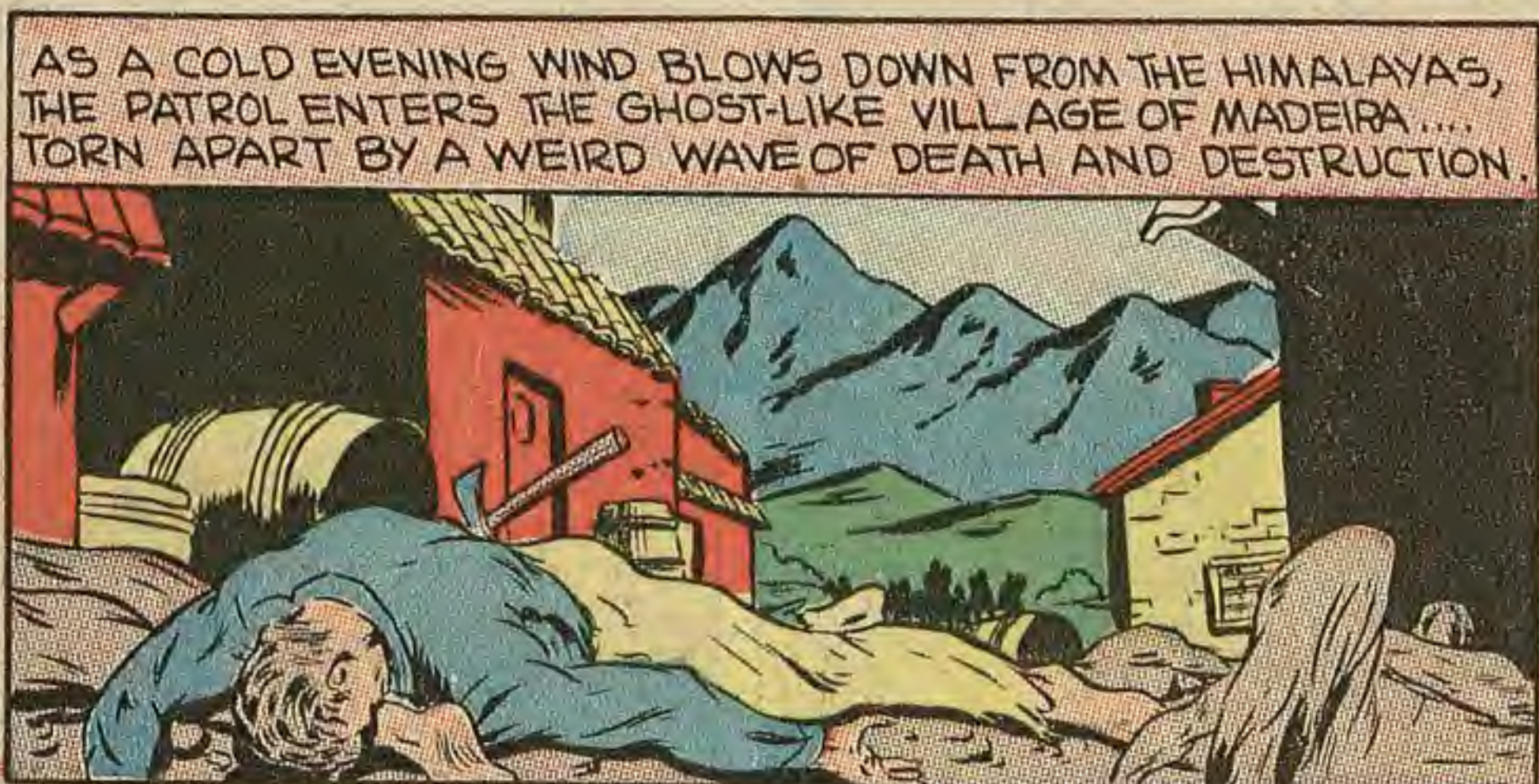
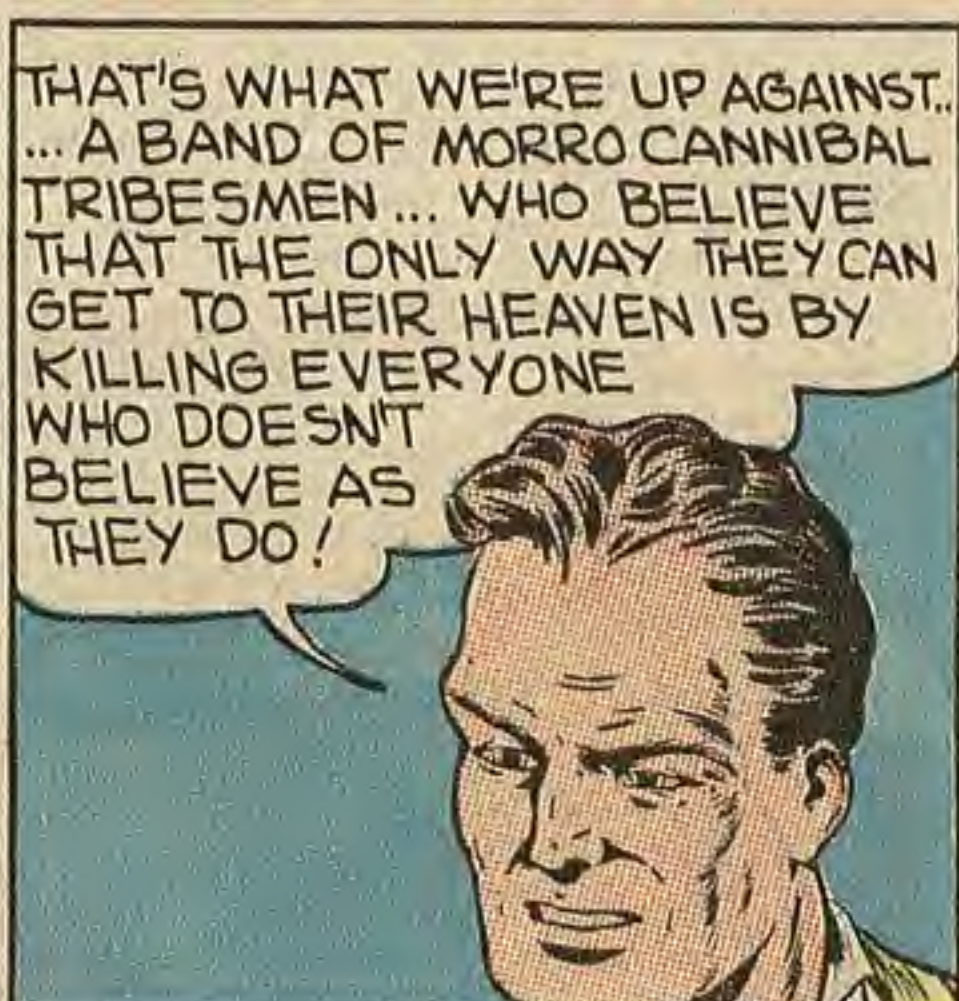
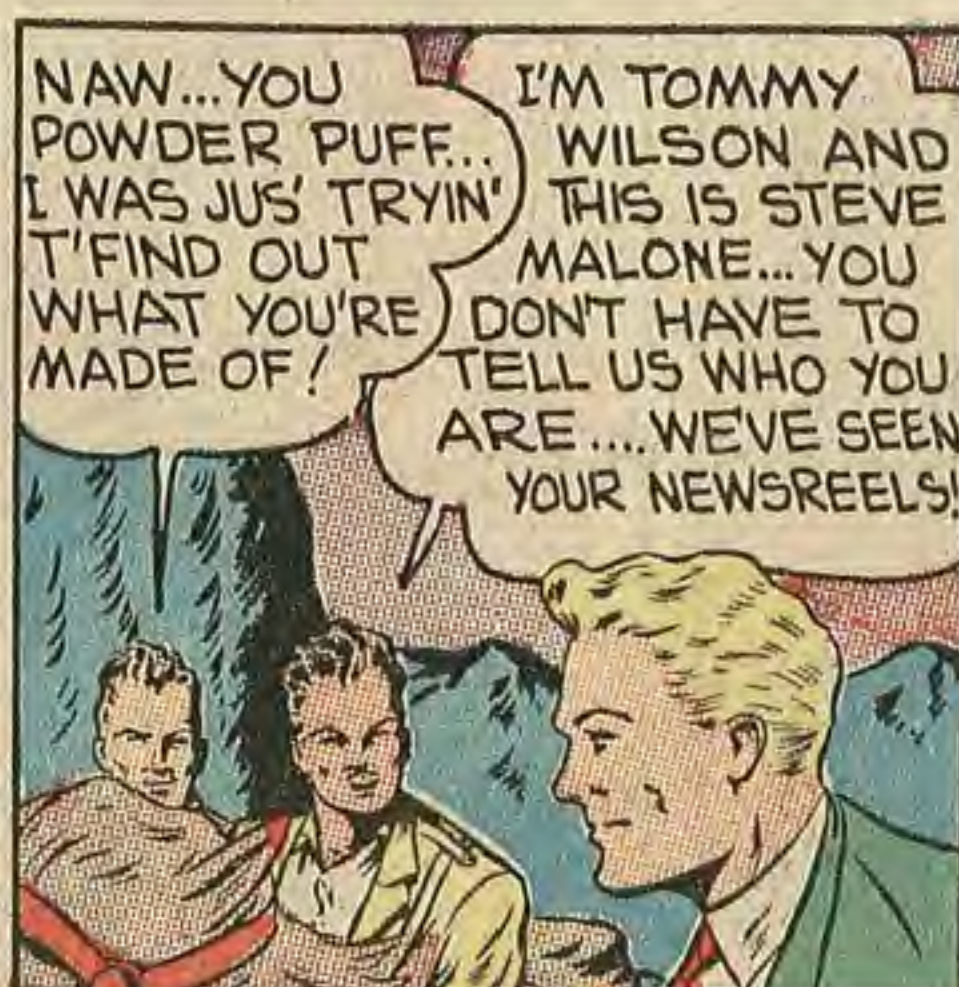




FLASH FULTON

by Paul Gustavson





FLASH SEES THE TRIBESMAN ON THE ROOF AND FIRES....



AS THE MORRO FALLS, HE SHOUTS OUT IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE.....



HE'S SHOUTIN' ORDERS TO ATTACK US!

C'MON YOU DOGS, WE'RE WAITING!



COME OUT IN THE OPEN, WHERE WE CAN SEE YOU!

THERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU, STEVE!



THEY'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE, STEVE... WE'D BETTER TAKE COVER!

RIGHT! QUICK... TO THE TOP OF THAT BUILDING!



OVER YOU GO, FLASH!



OH! OH! HELLO, RAT!



HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, STEVE!

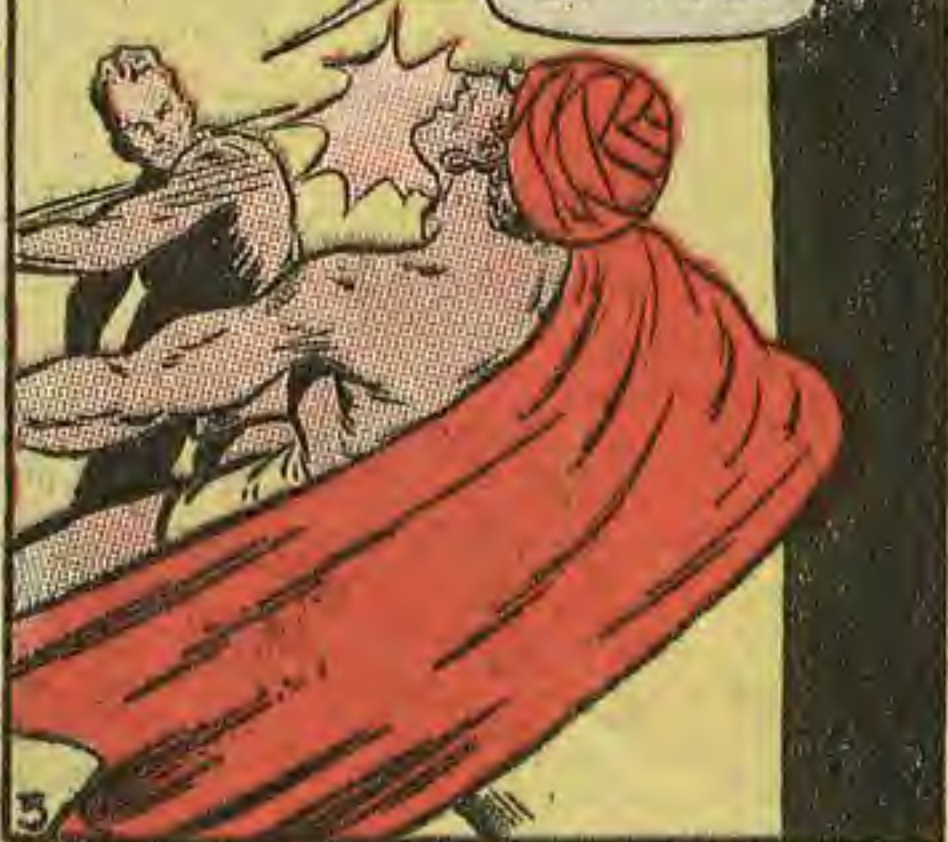


HERE... MEET A CLOSE FRIEND, TOMMY!

RIGHTO!

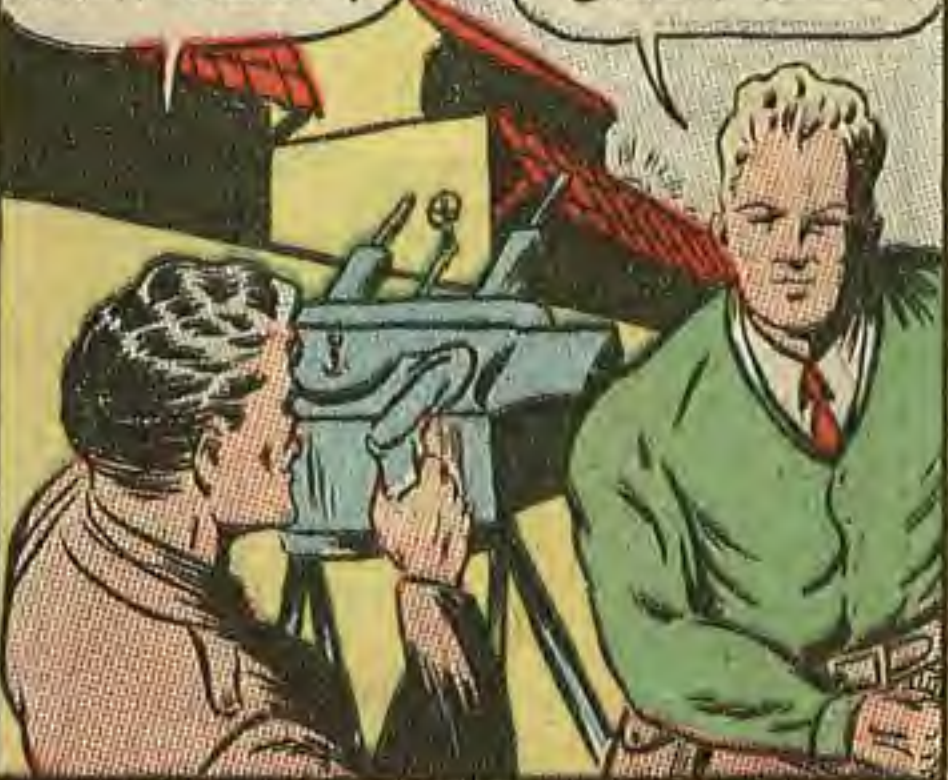


THAT'S THE END OF YOU!



THERE'S A PACK OF 'EM ON THAT ROOF!

WHERE ARE THOSE HAND GRENADES?



LAY OFF, FELLAS... I SAW THEM FIRST!

NO! THEY'RE MY MEAT!

AW... LET ME FINISH THEM!





SMALL STUFF



GOSH! MISTER, YOU AIN'T MUCH OF A FIGHT FAN- ARE YA?



BOZO THE ROBOT

WITH
HUGH HAZZARD

by
**WAYNE
REID.**

HUGH HAZZARD, WITH THE AID OF HIS INDESTRUCTIBLE IRON MAN, HAS BECOME THE COUNTRY'S ACE CRIME BUSTER. IN HIS HOME HE IS BROUGHT TO HIS FEET BY A NEWS FLASH-----

JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO THE PEOPLE'S BANK WAS ROBBED OF 25,000 DOLLARS--THE BANDITS SHOT THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM--



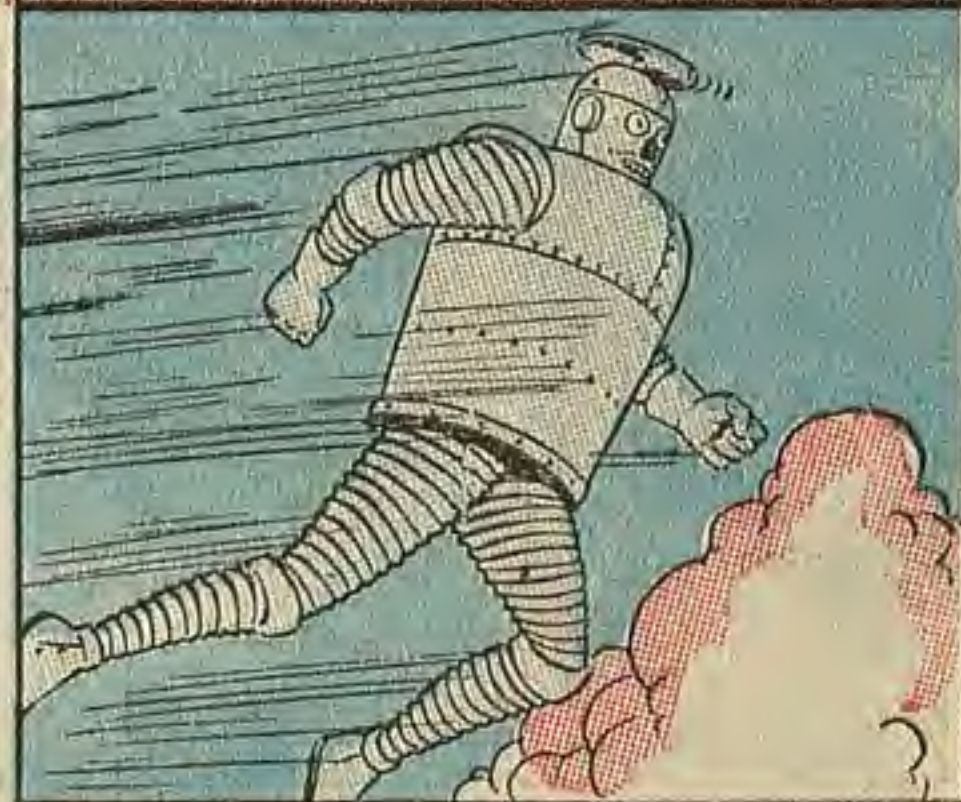
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ROBBERY, POLICE WERE TIPPED OFF THAT THE GANG WAS HEADING NORTH ON THE SKYLINE HIGHWAY IN A GREEN SEDAN!



I'LL SEE IF I CAN HEAD THEM OFF!



AND HUGH, INSIDE THE IRON MAN, STREAKS AFTER THE FLEEING CROOKS---

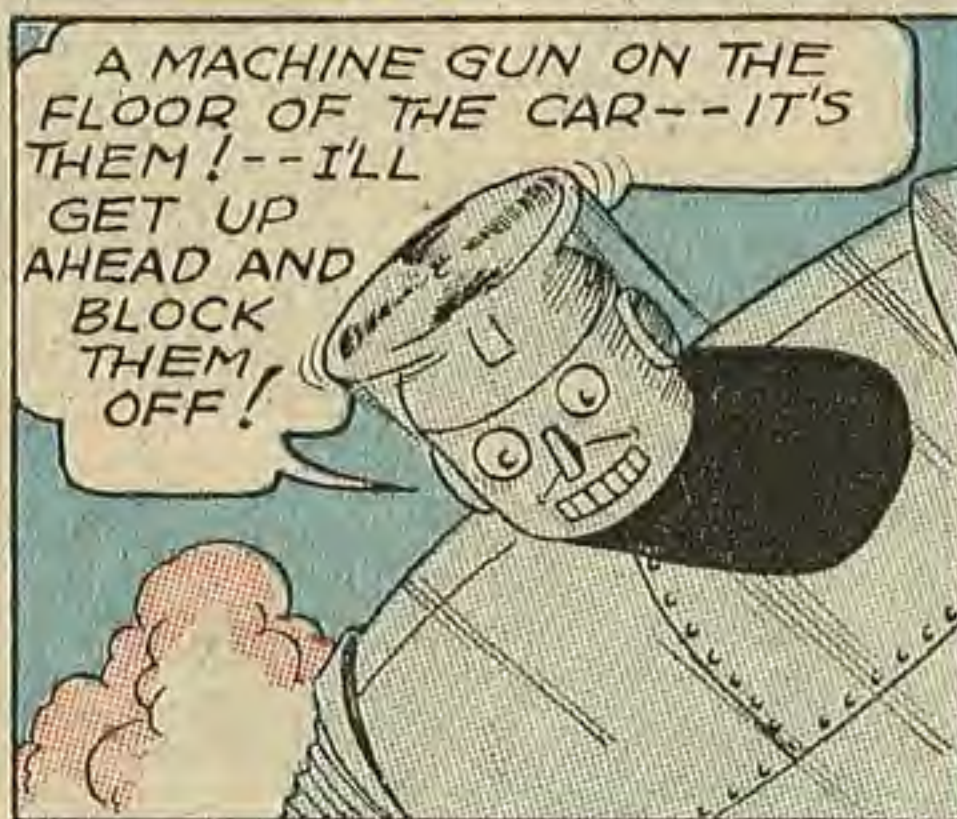


AH!-- A GREEN CAR--



AND BY MEANS OF THE ROBOT'S TELESCOPIC EYE, HUGH SEES--

A MACHINE GUN ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAR--IT'S THEM!--I'LL GET UP AHEAD AND BLOCK THEM OFF!

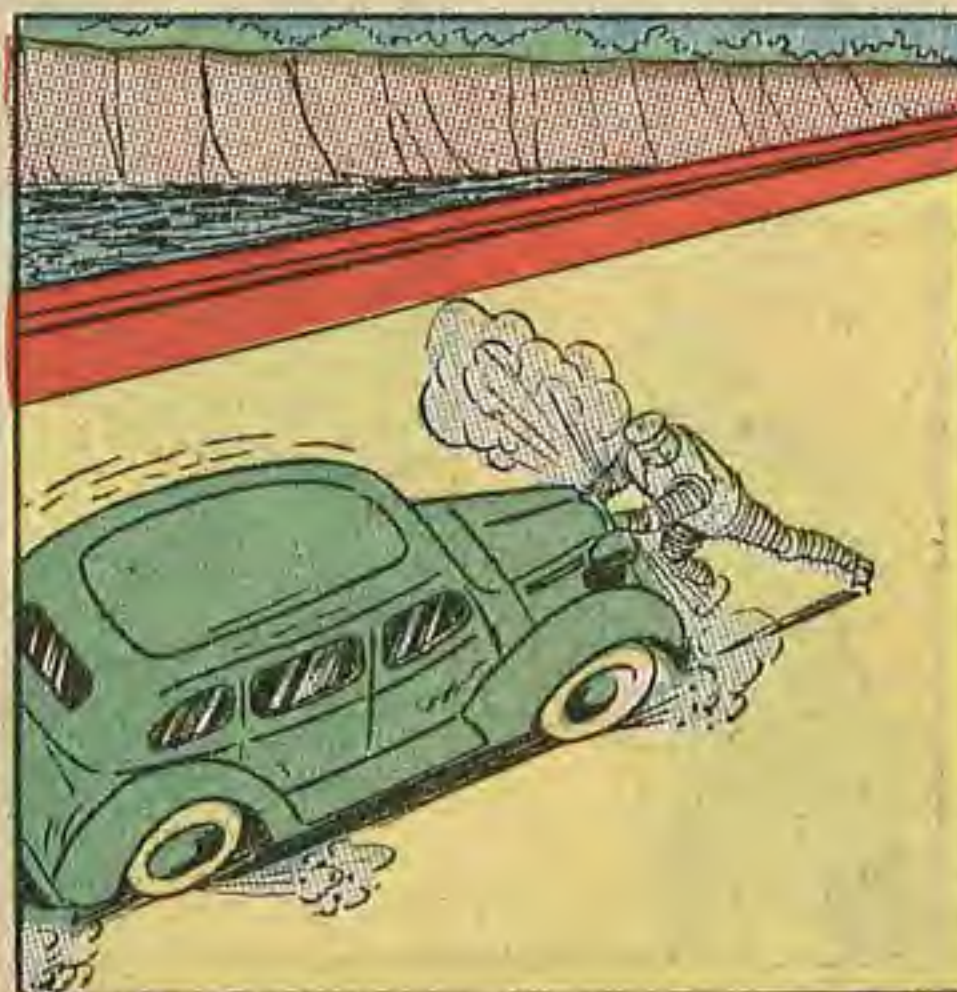


HEY--WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF IT DON'T MOVE, RUN IT DOWN!



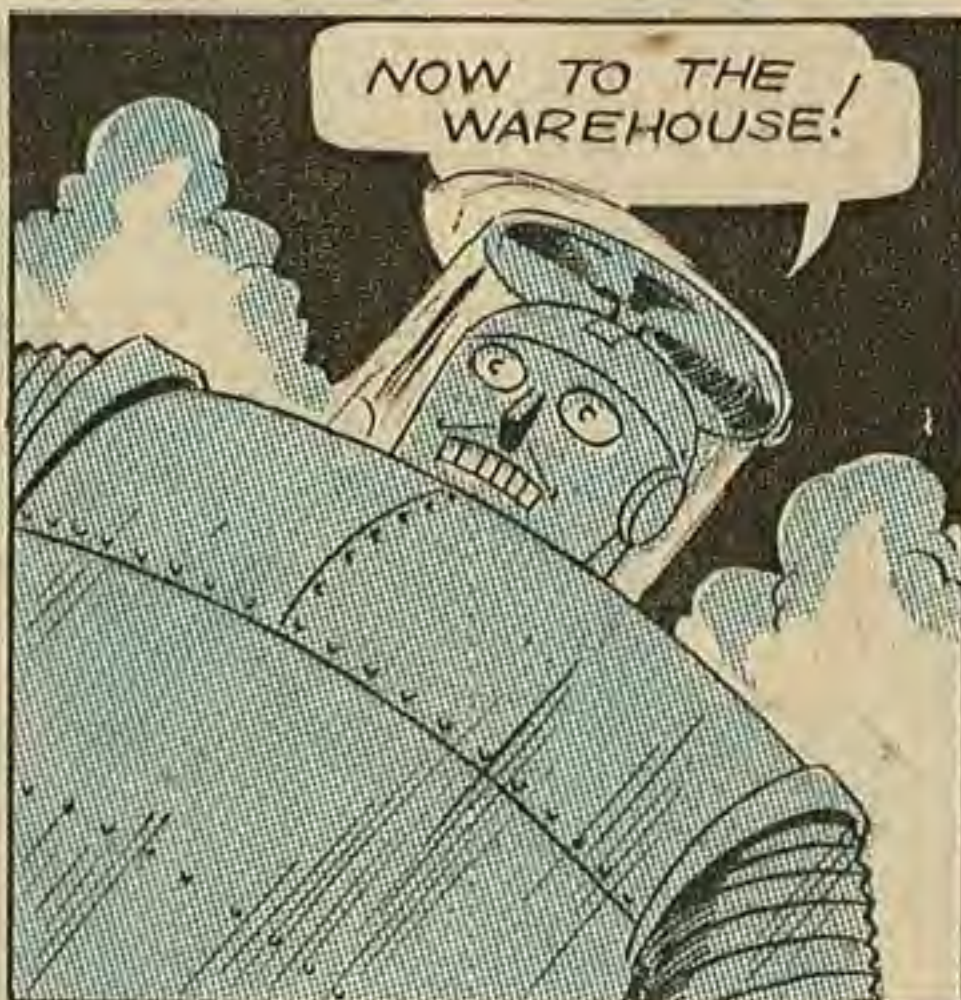
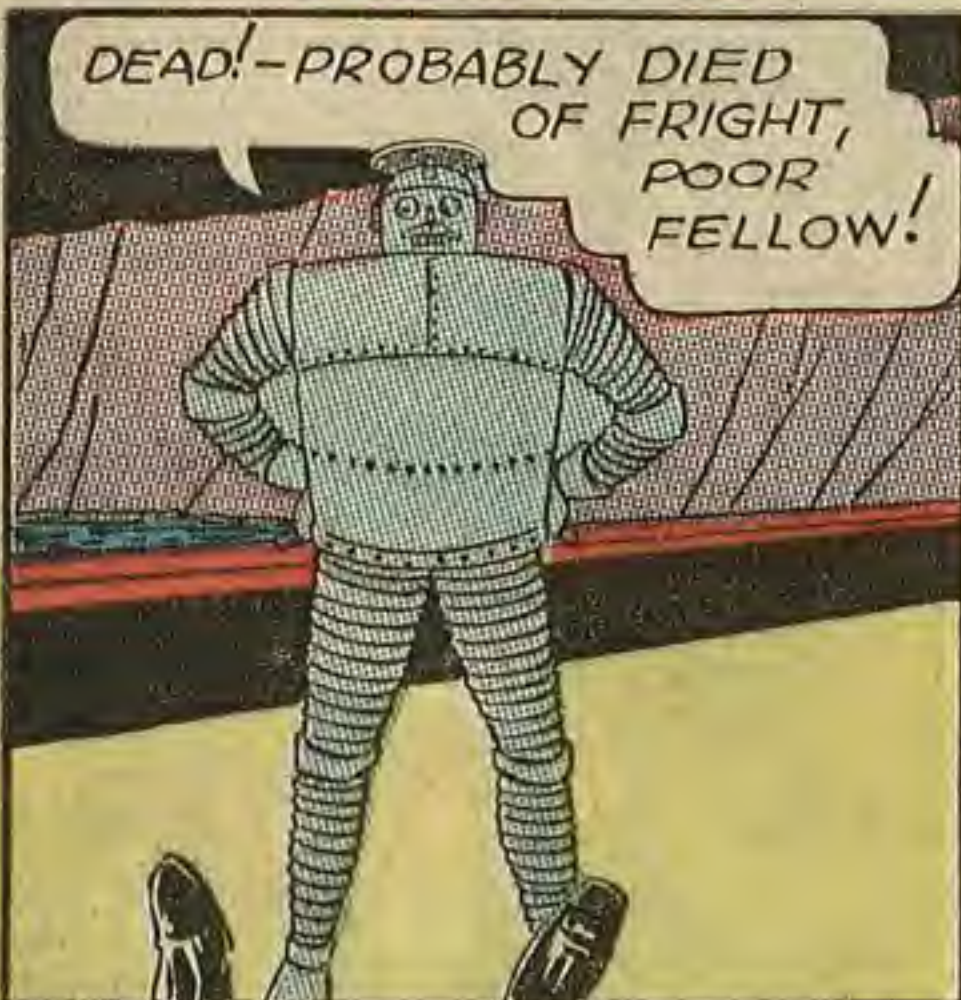
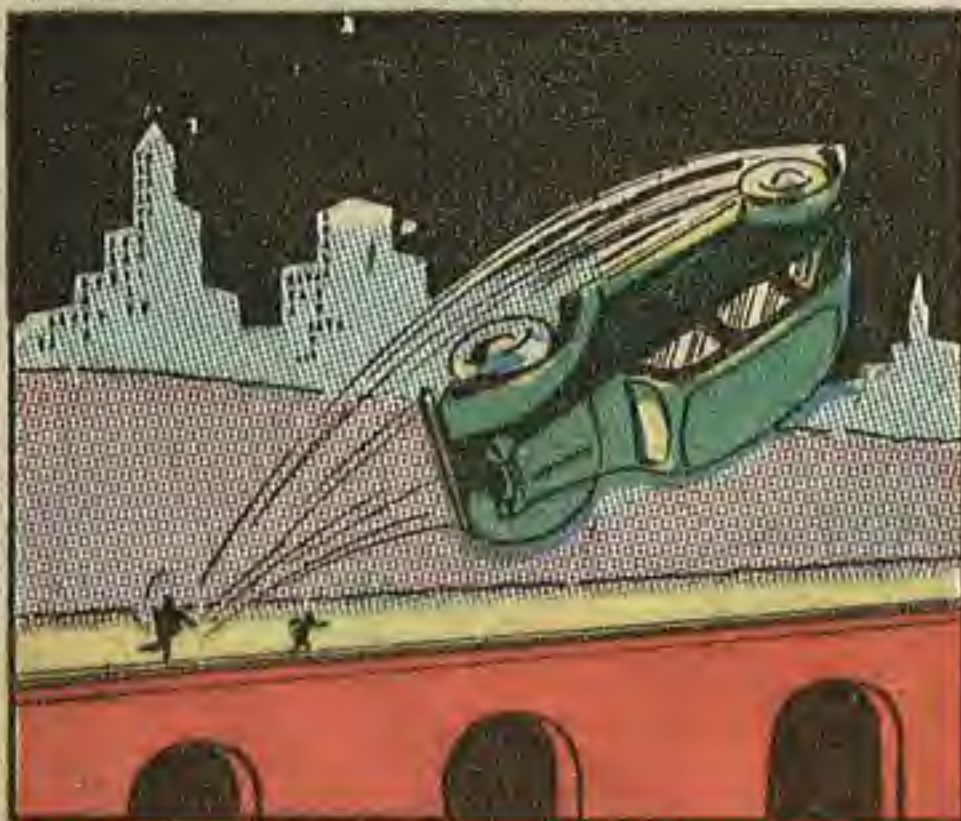
LOOK OUT!--IT AIN'T HUMAN!!

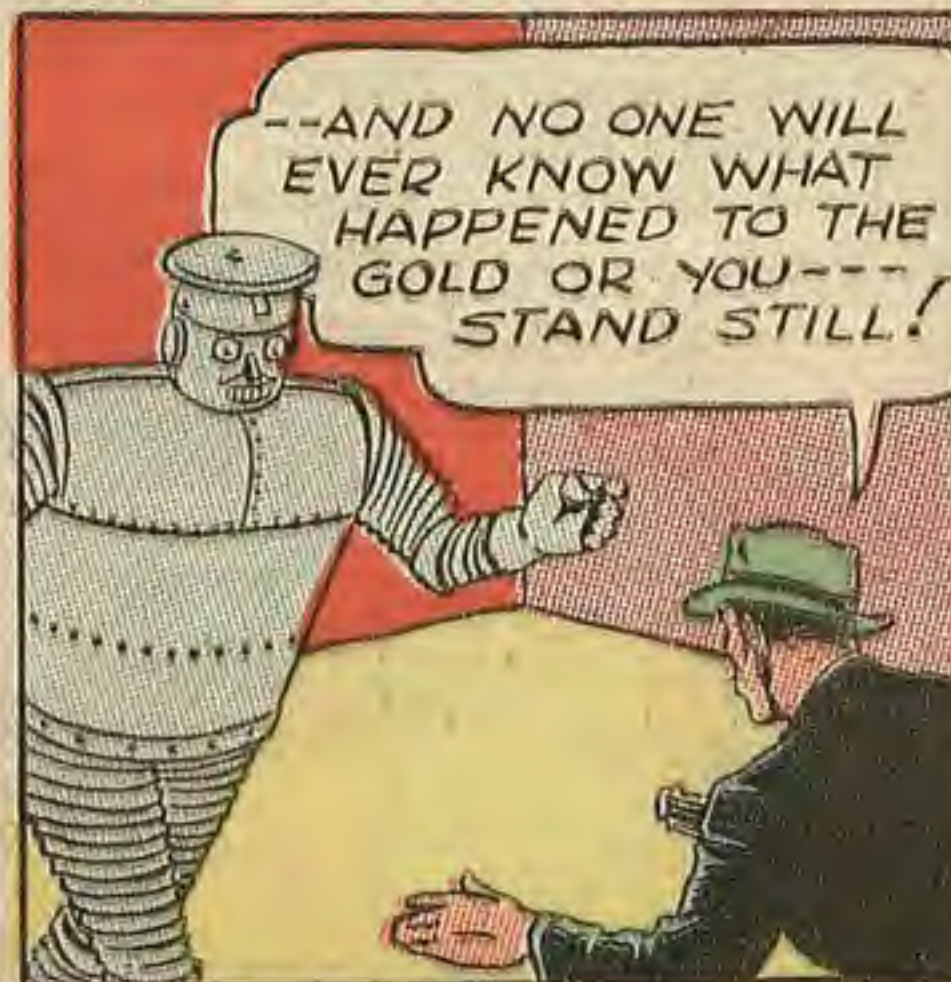
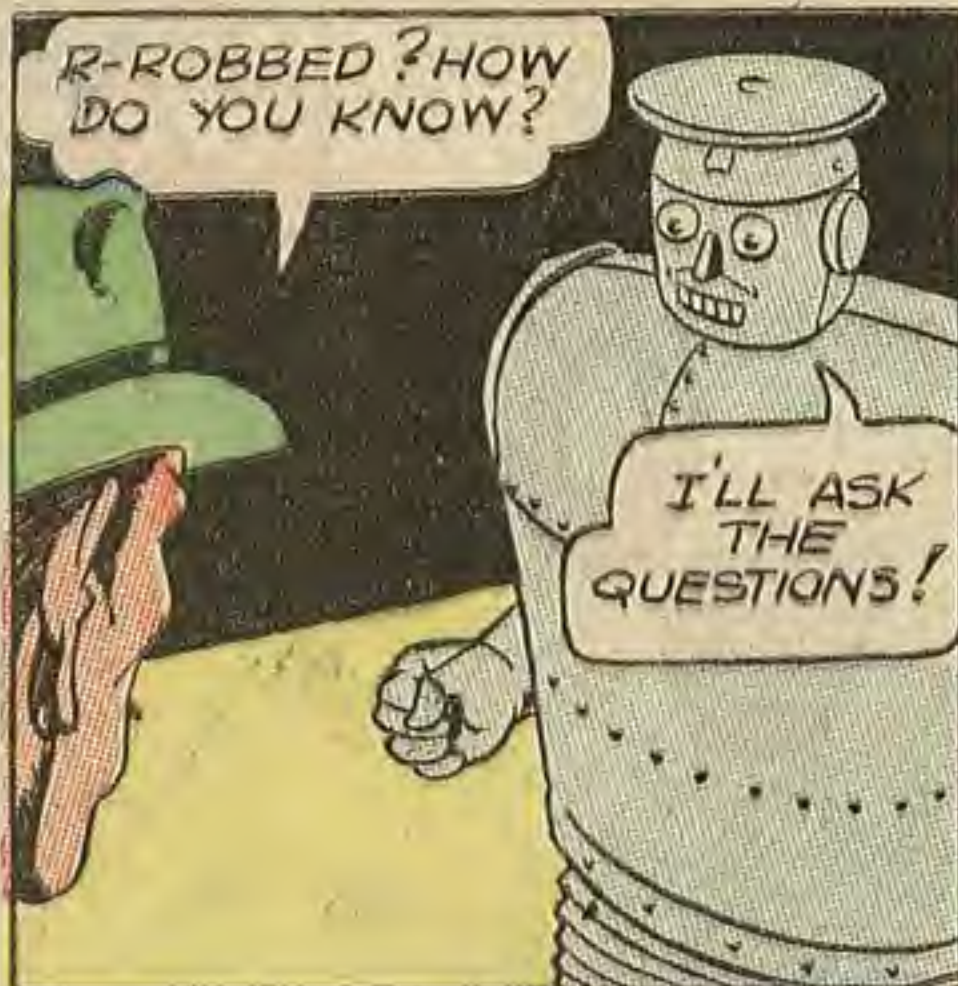
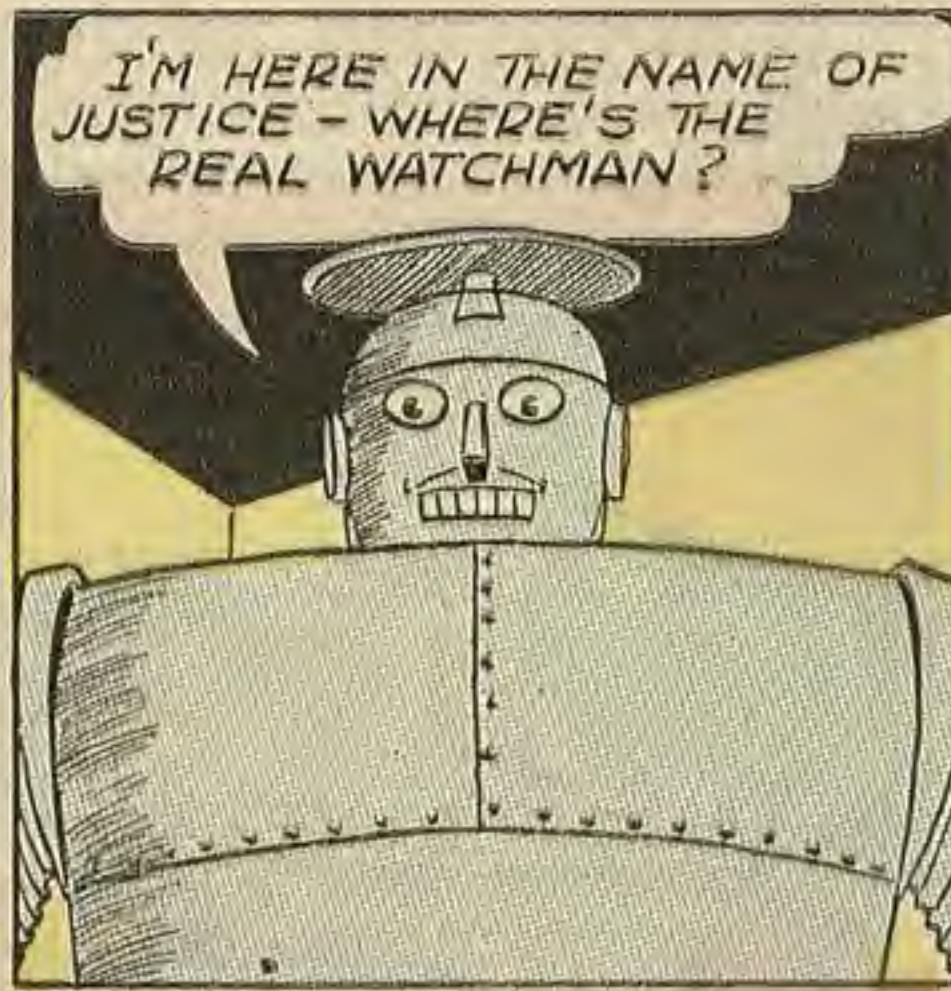


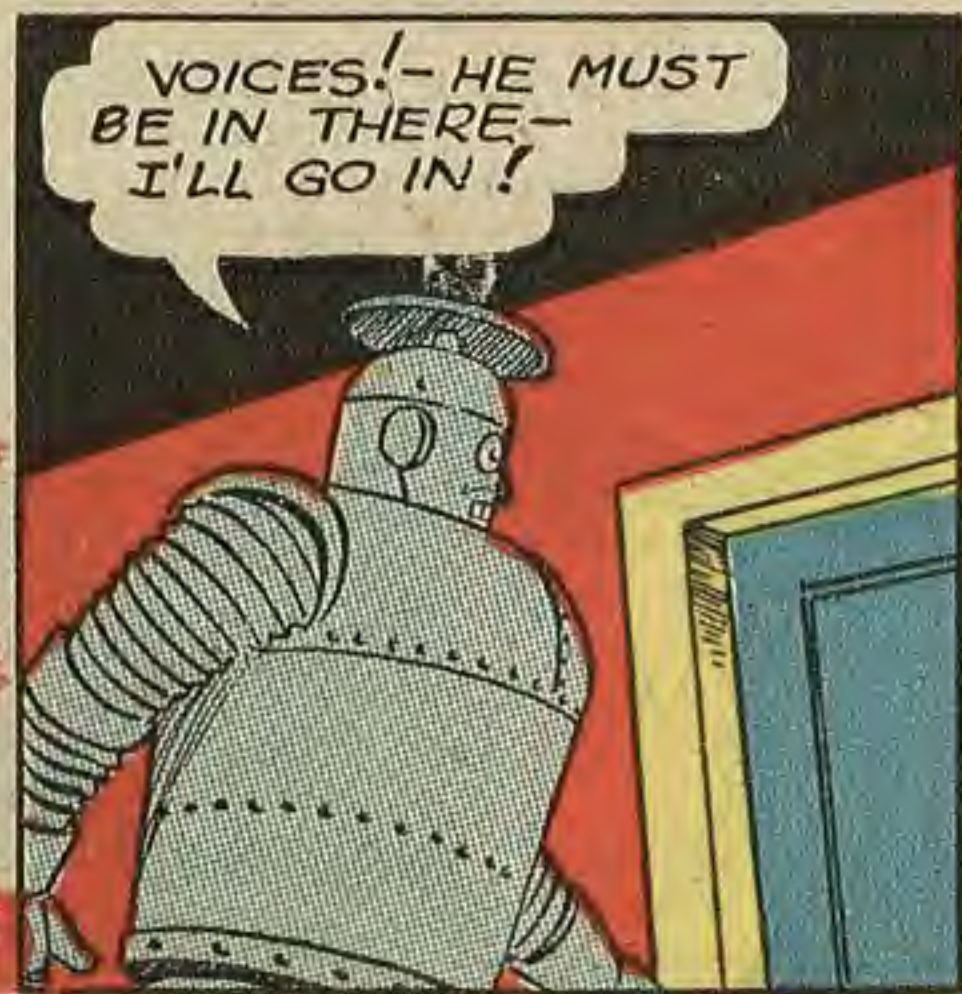
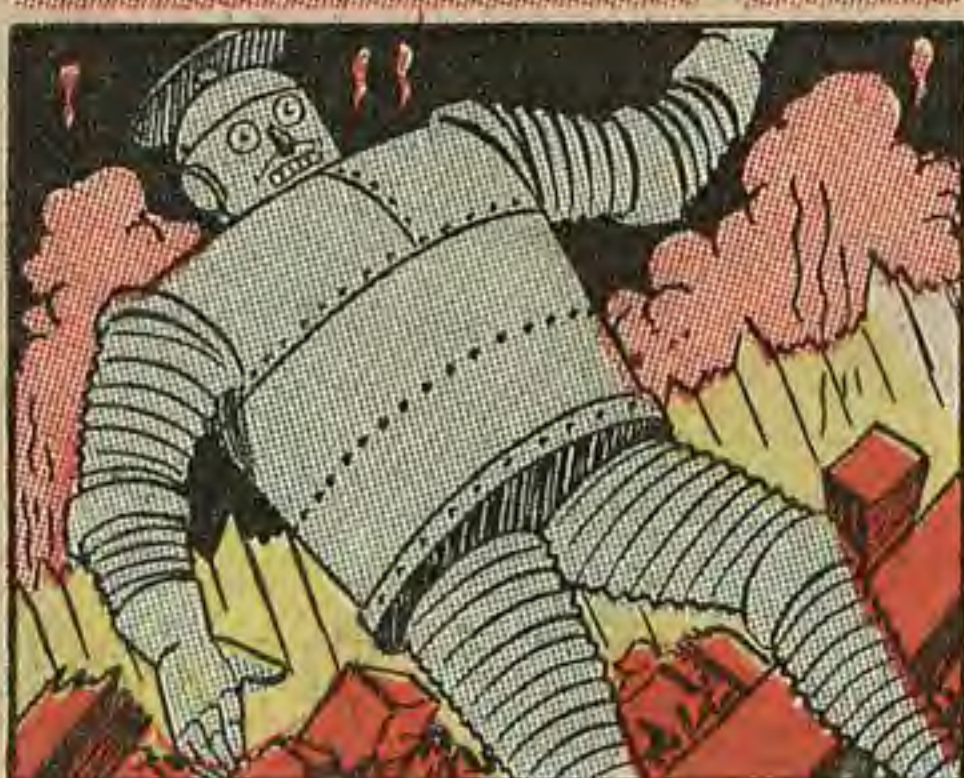
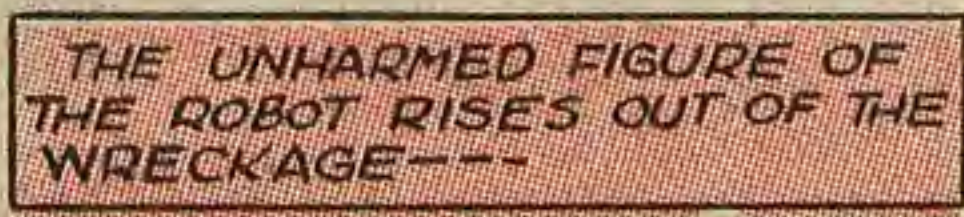
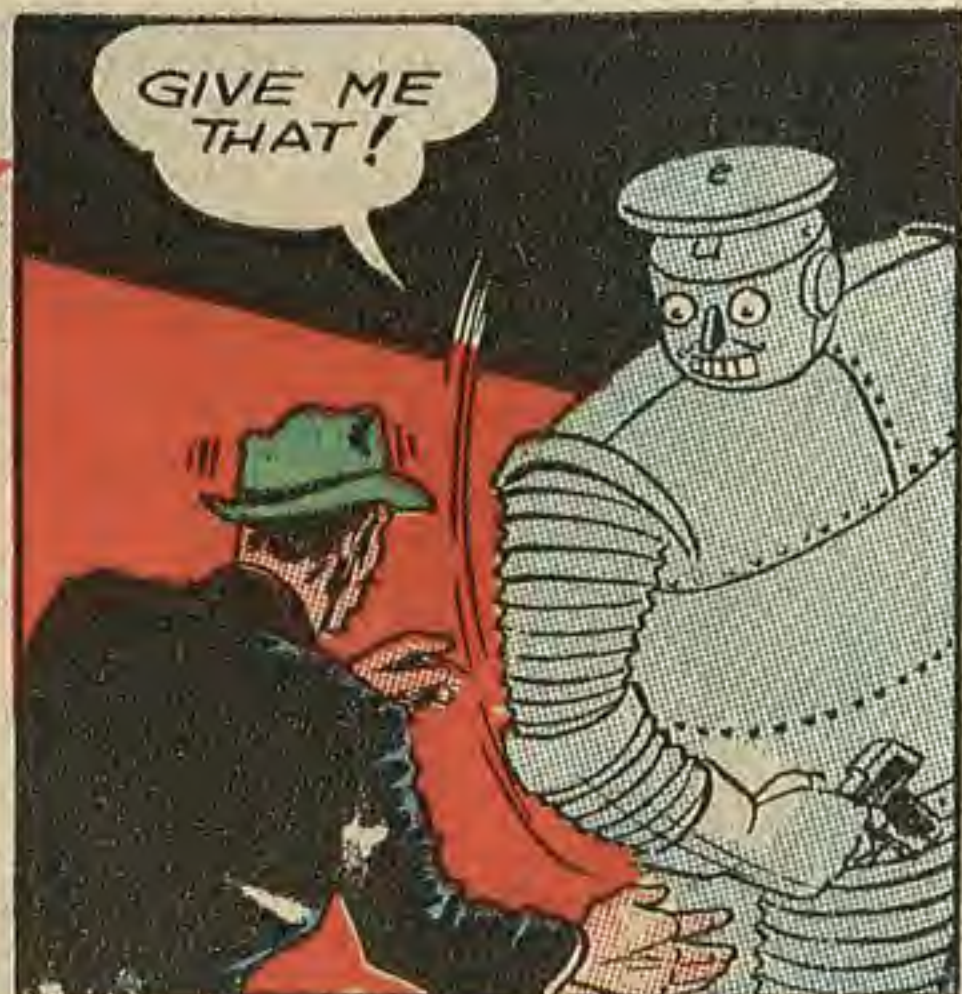
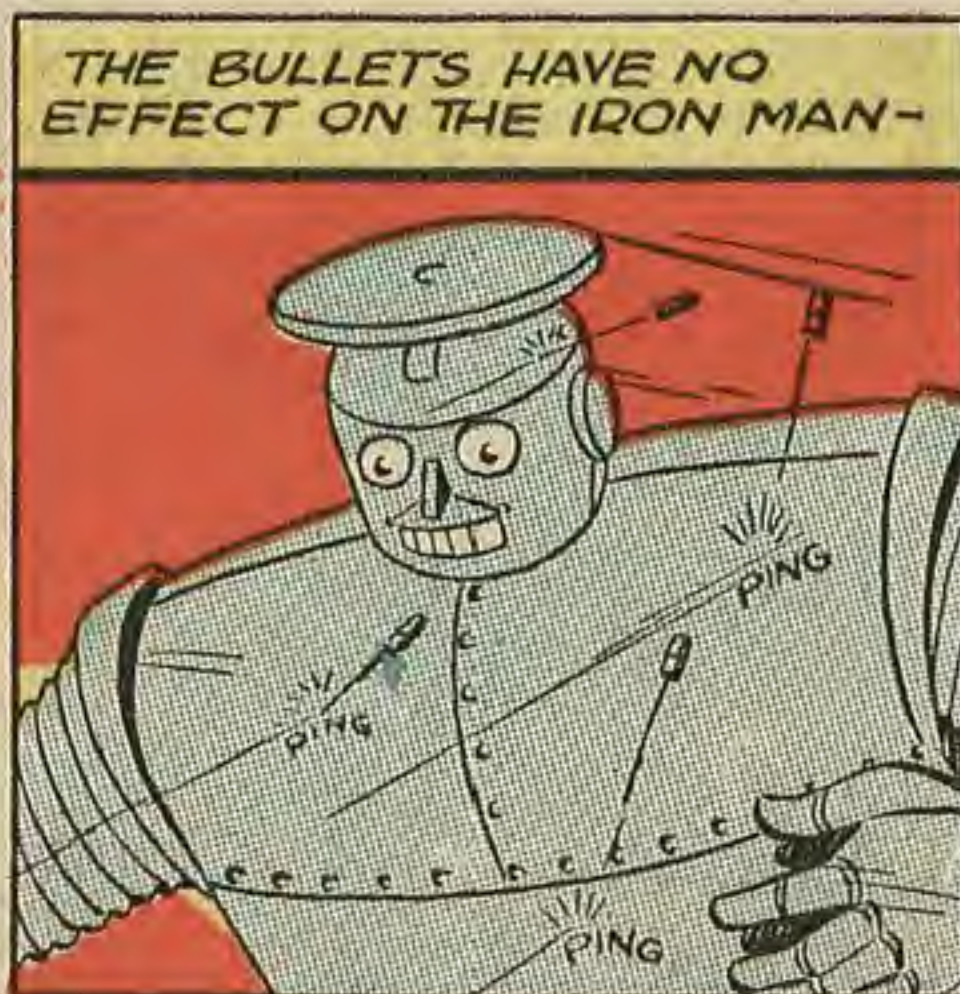
EEYOWW!

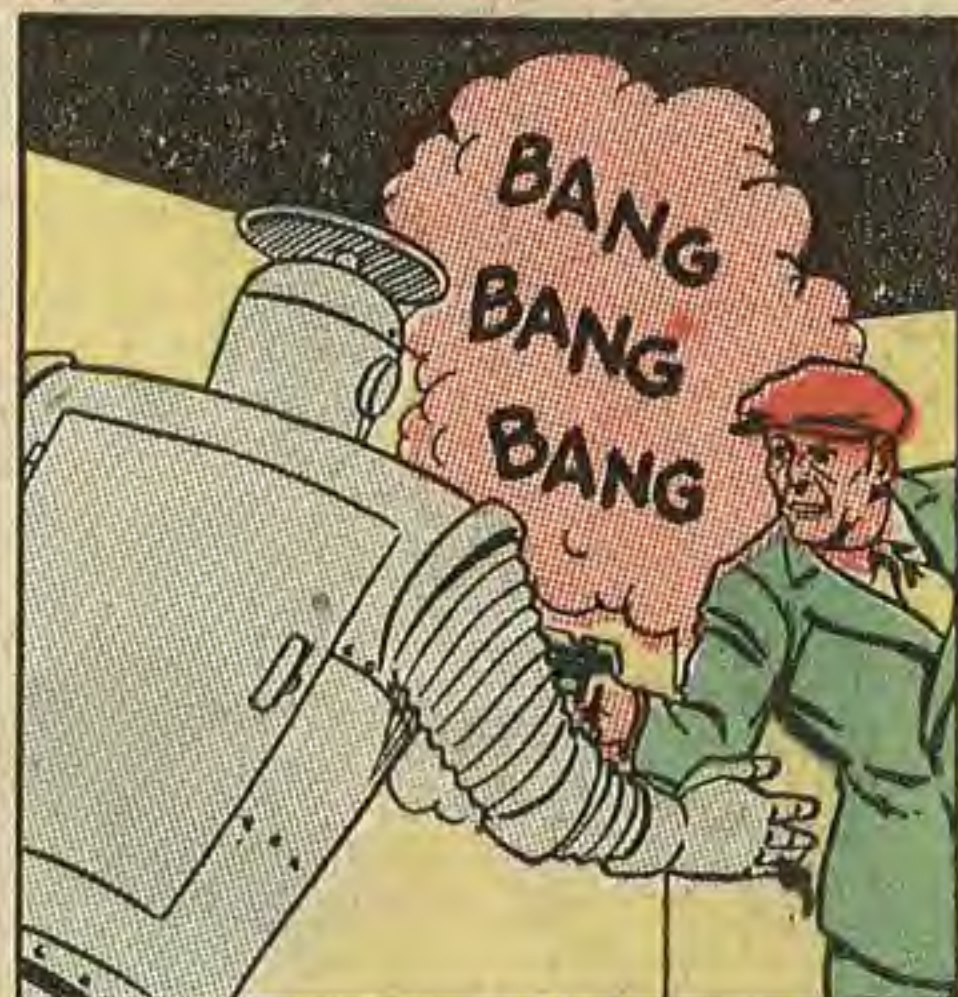
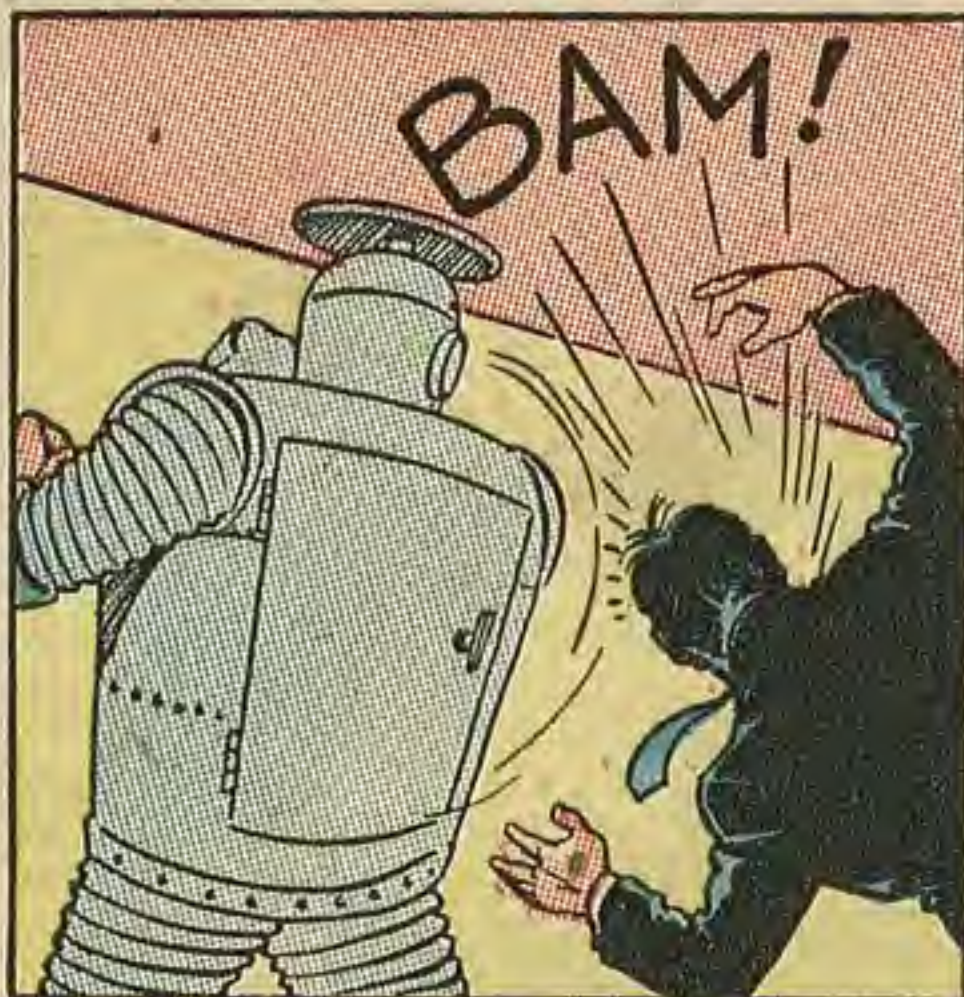
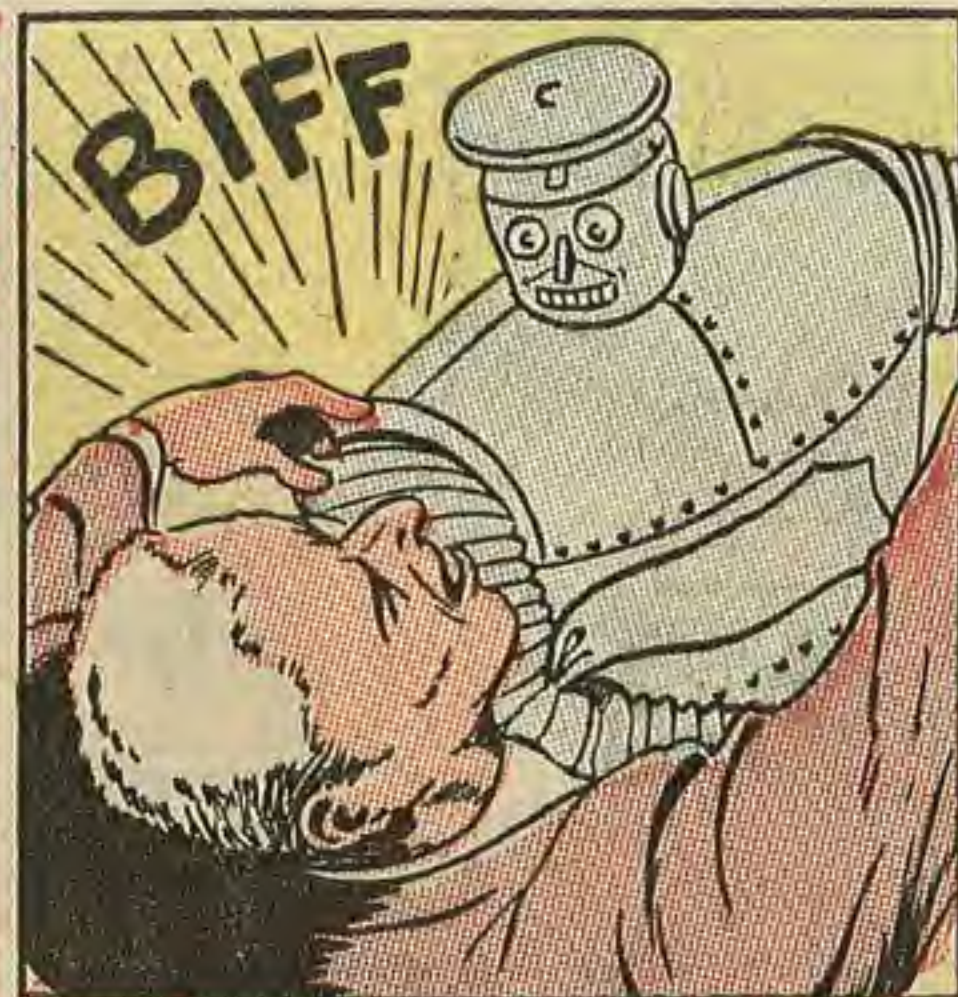


WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, THE CAR IS THROWN INTO THE RIVER-

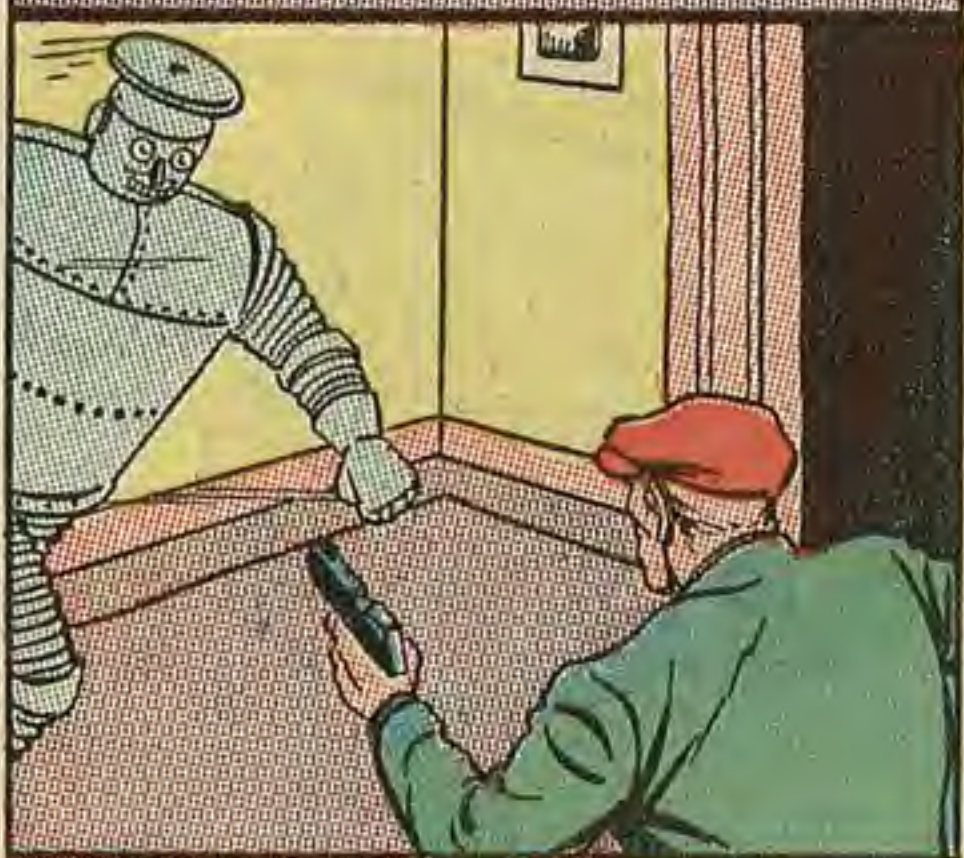




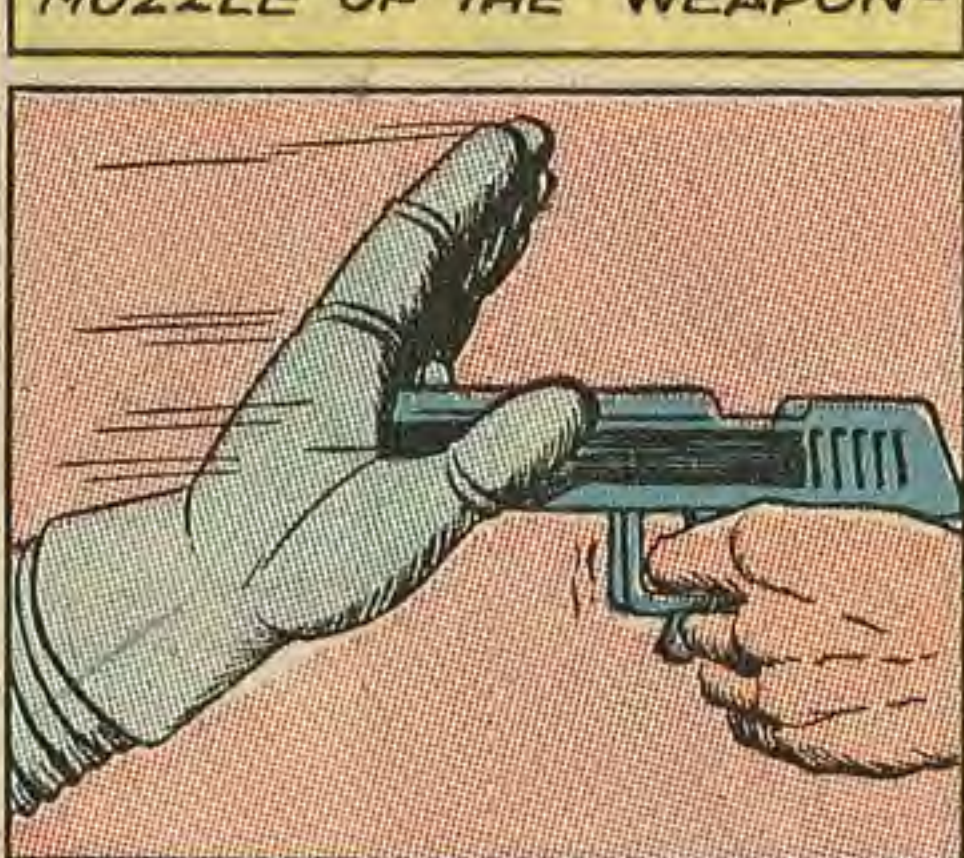




THE ROBOT LEAPS AT THE KILLER---



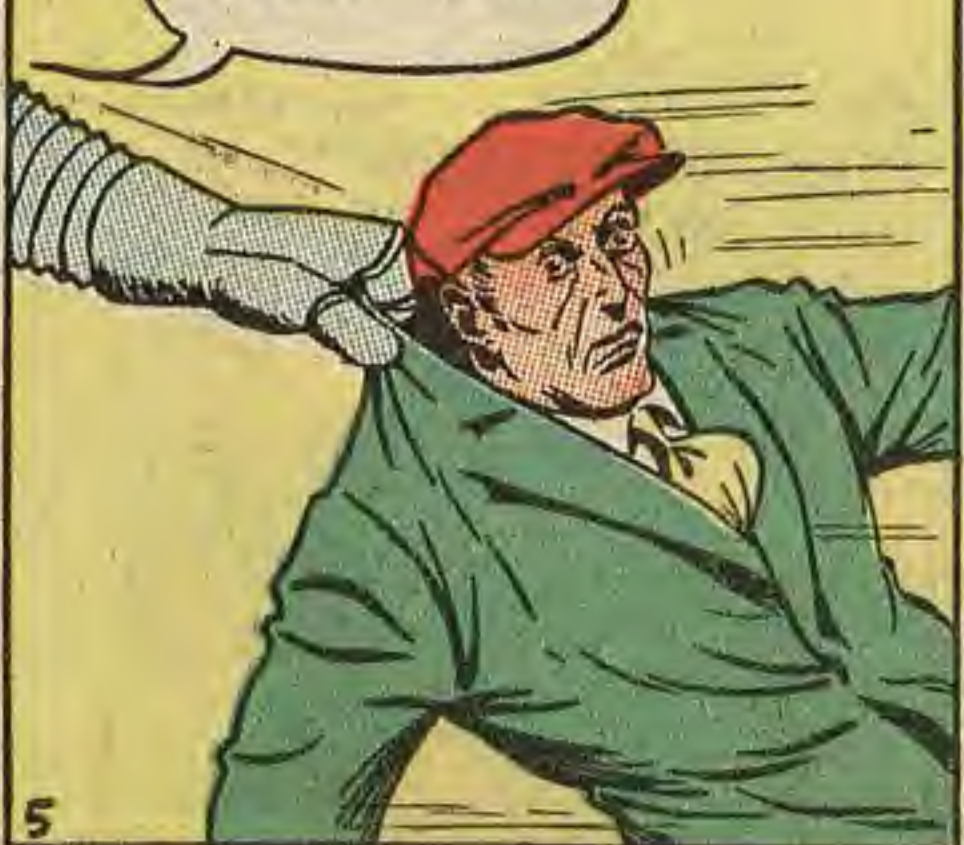
JAMS HIS HAND OVER THE MUZZLE OF THE WEAPON---



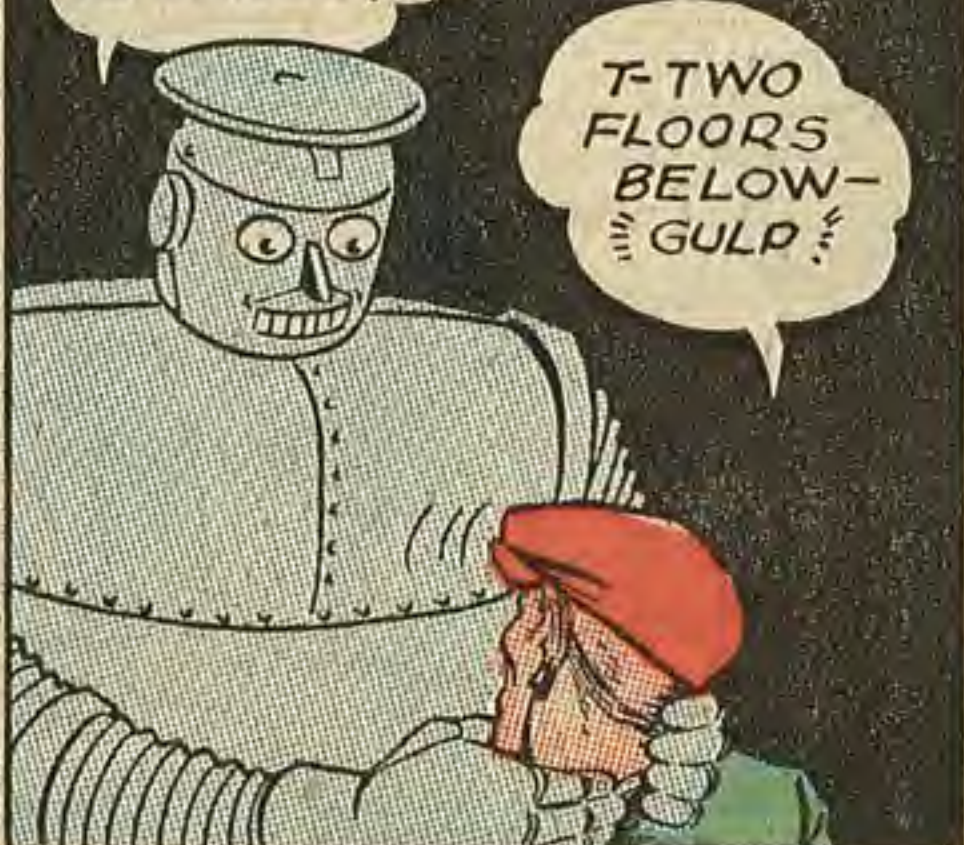
—AND WITH THE NEXT SHOT, THE GUN EXPLODES IN THE KILLER'S FACE---



NOT SO FAST YOU-



WHERE IS LARGO?.



THANKS, I'LL PUT YOU BACK ON ICE FOR SAFE KEEPING!



THE IRON MAN CRASHES
DOWNWARD TO THE FLOOR
WHERE LARGO IS---



HELLO,
LARGO--

WHAT
TH'?

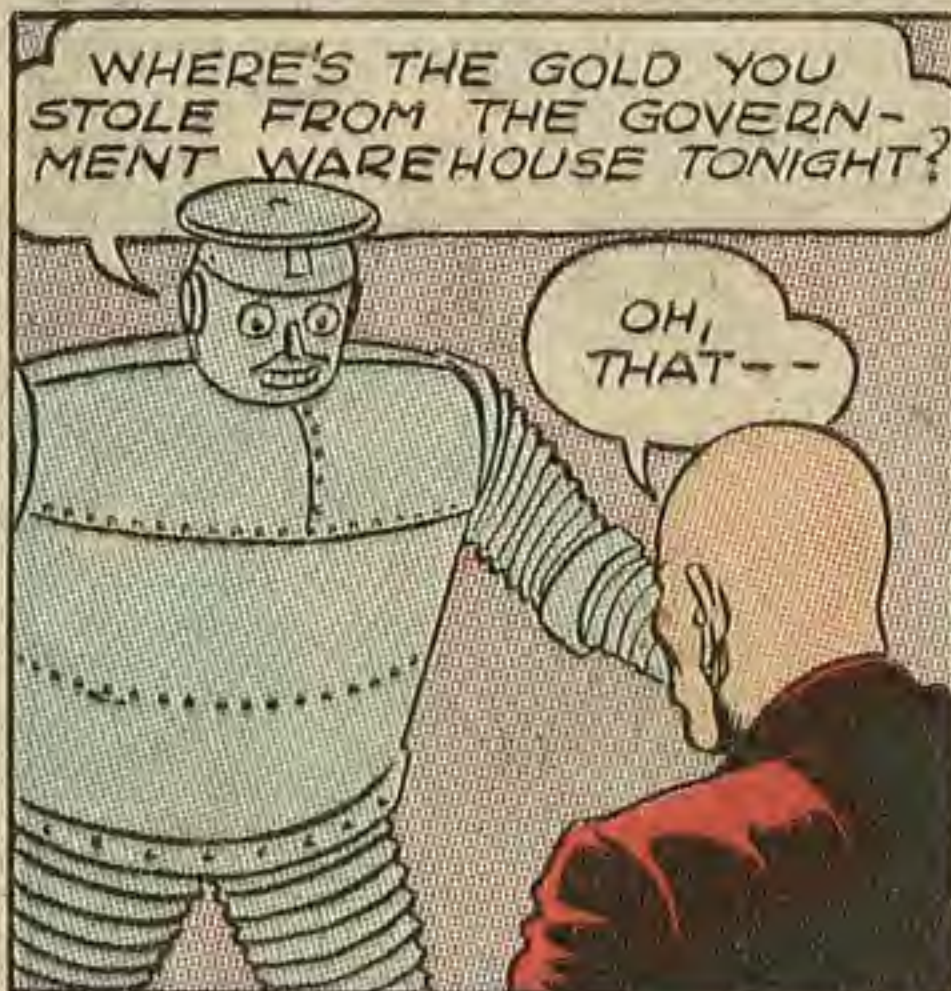


W-WHAT DO
YOU WANT ?

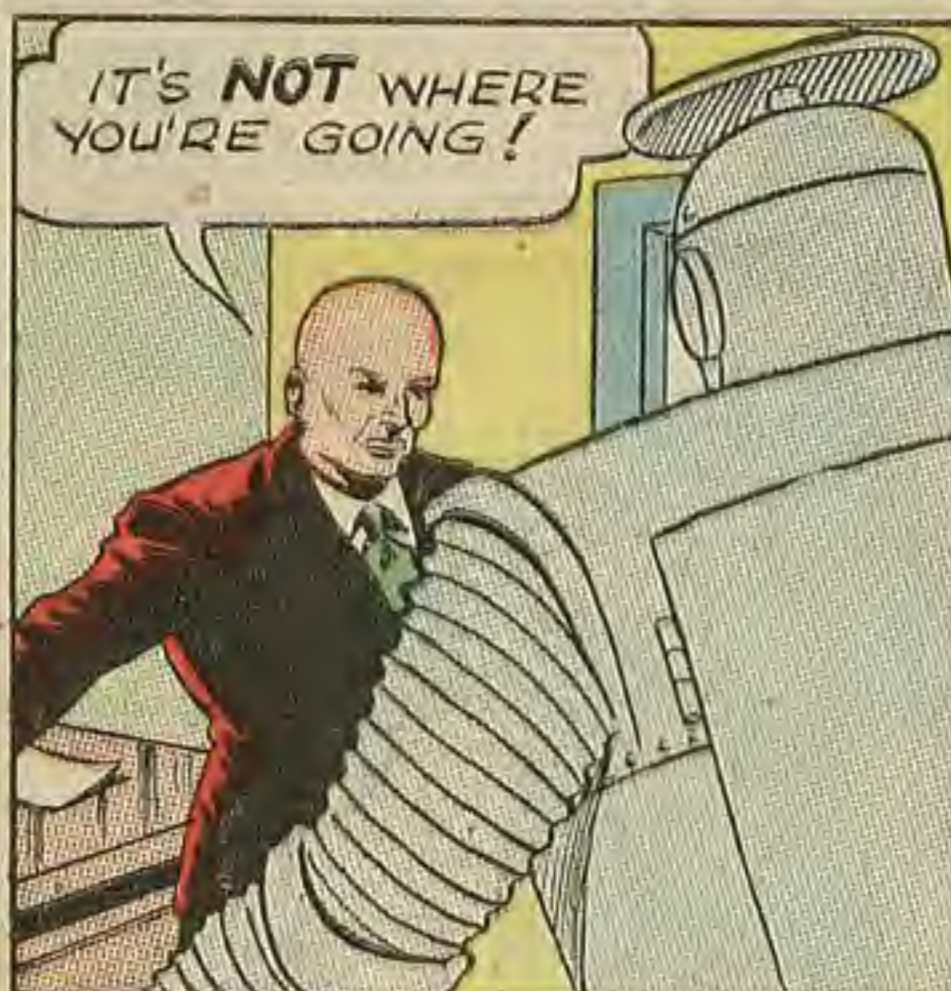


WHERE'S THE GOLD YOU
STOLE FROM THE GOVERN-
MENT WAREHOUSE TONIGHT?

OH,
THAT--



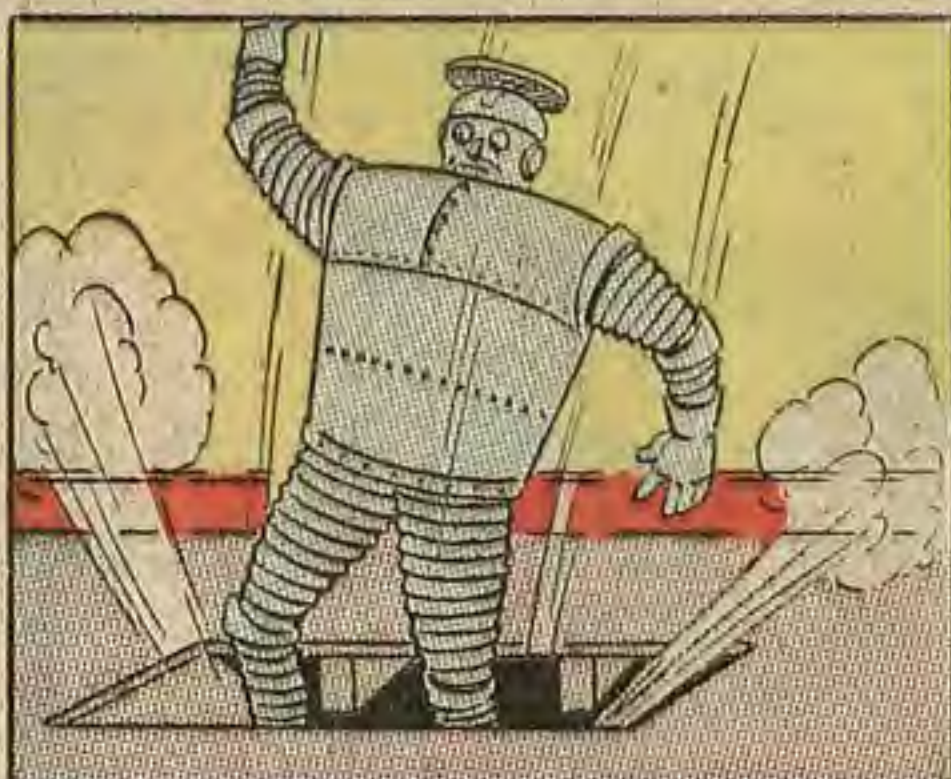
IT'S **NOT** WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!



THE THUG'S HAND REACHES
FOR, AND PRESSES A
BUTTON---



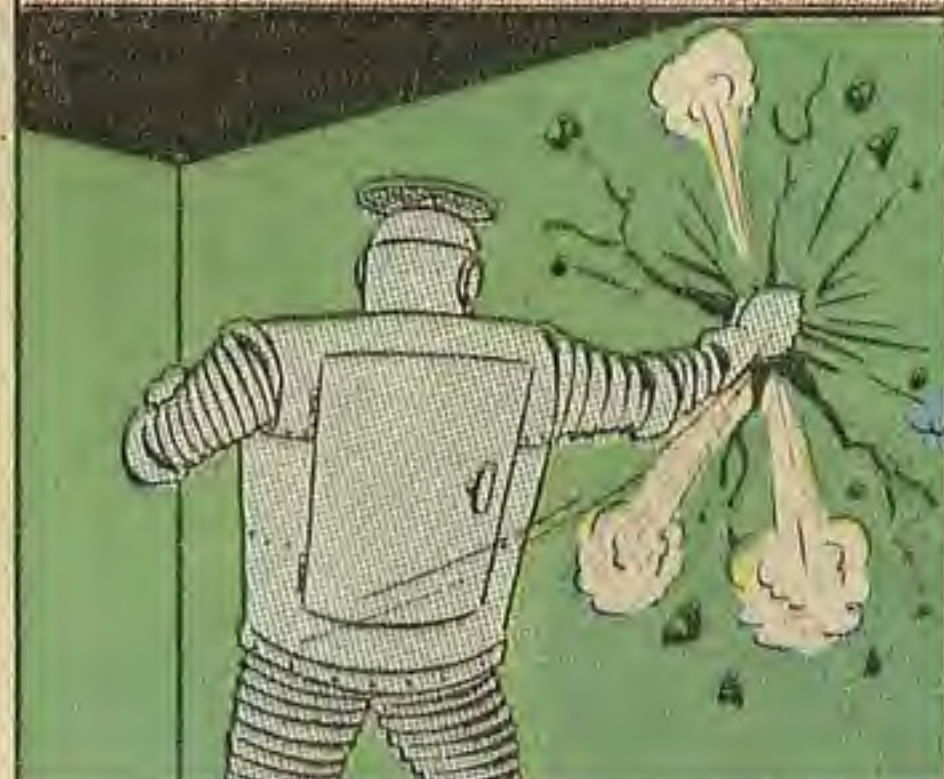
A TRAP-DOOR GIVES WAY
BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF
THE IRON MAN---



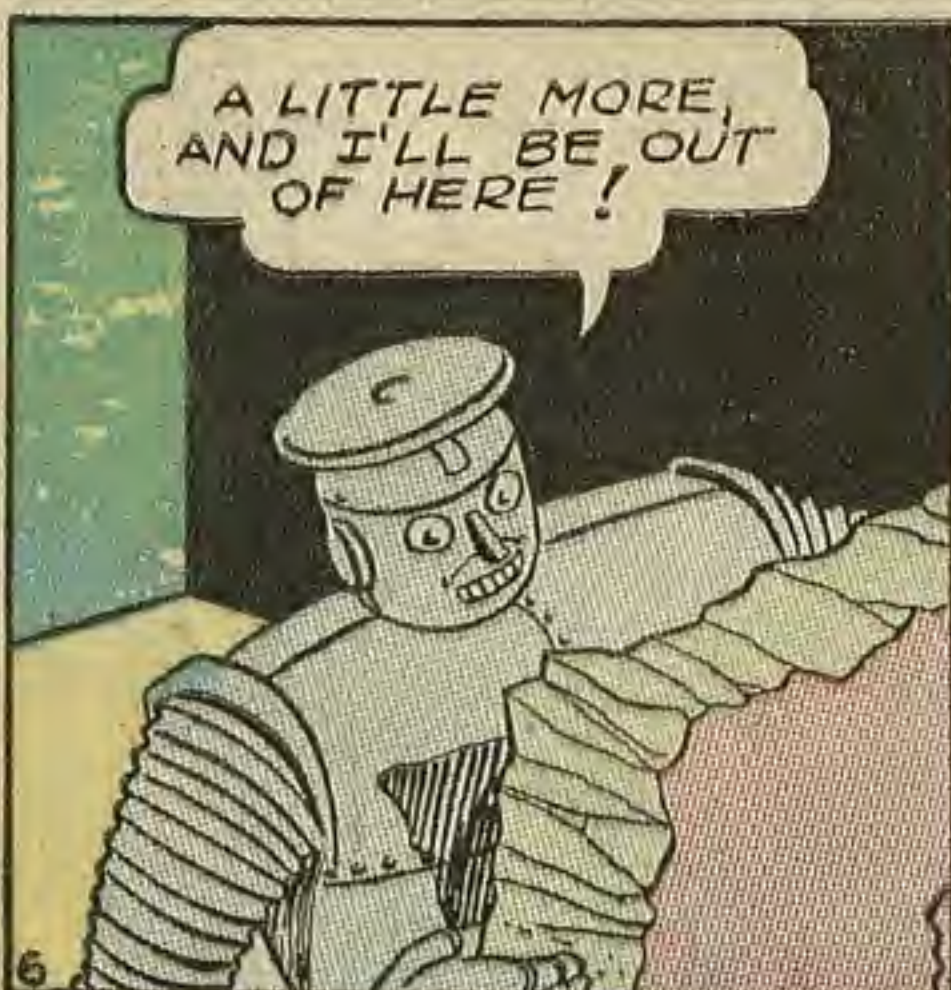
NOW TO GET THE
GOLD AND
SCRAM--



MEANWHILE, THE ROBOT
BATTERS AWAY AT THE
THICK WALLS OF HIS CELL--



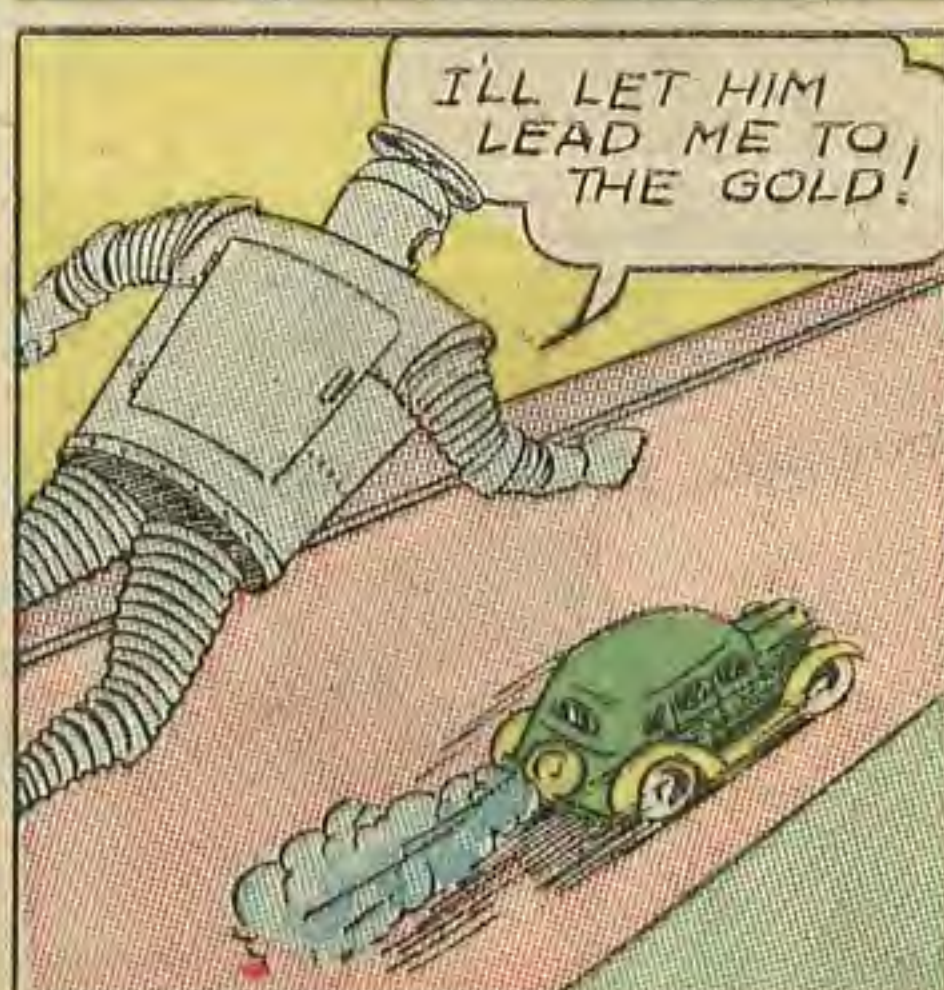
A LITTLE MORE,
AND I'LL BE OUT
OF HERE!

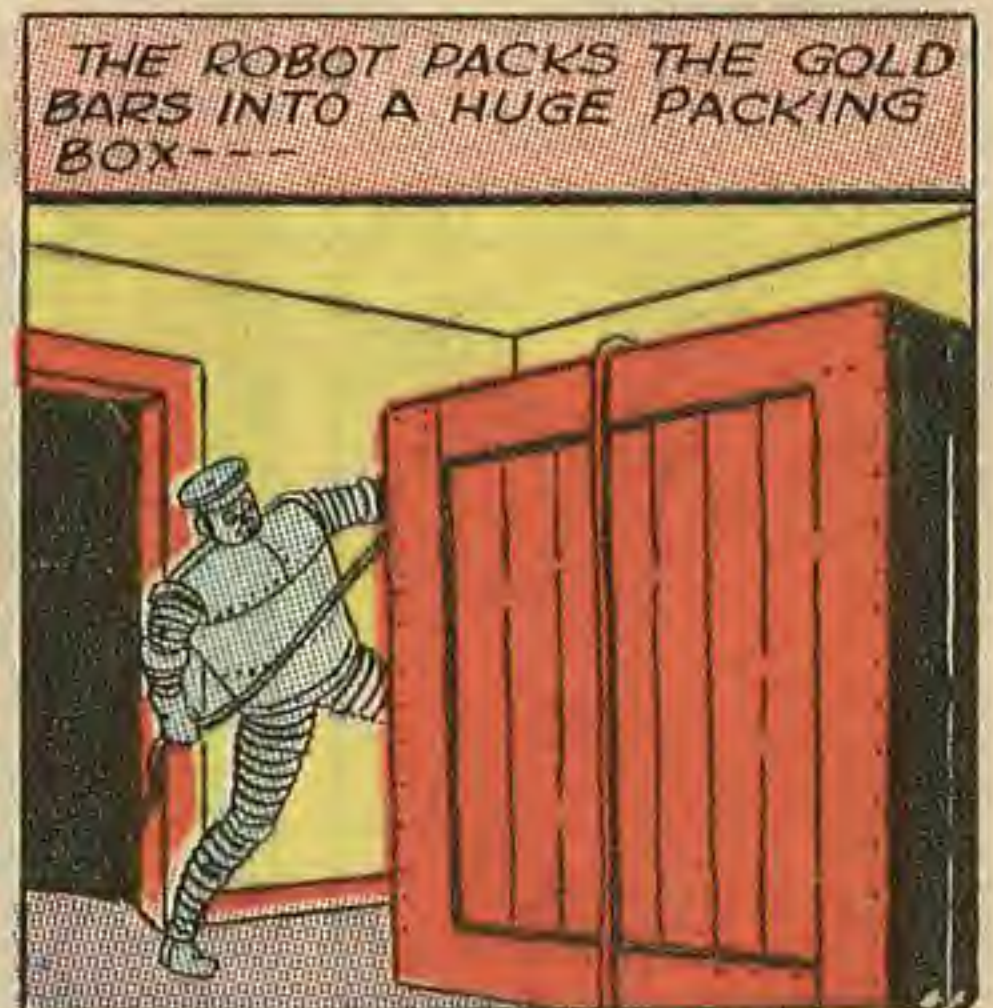
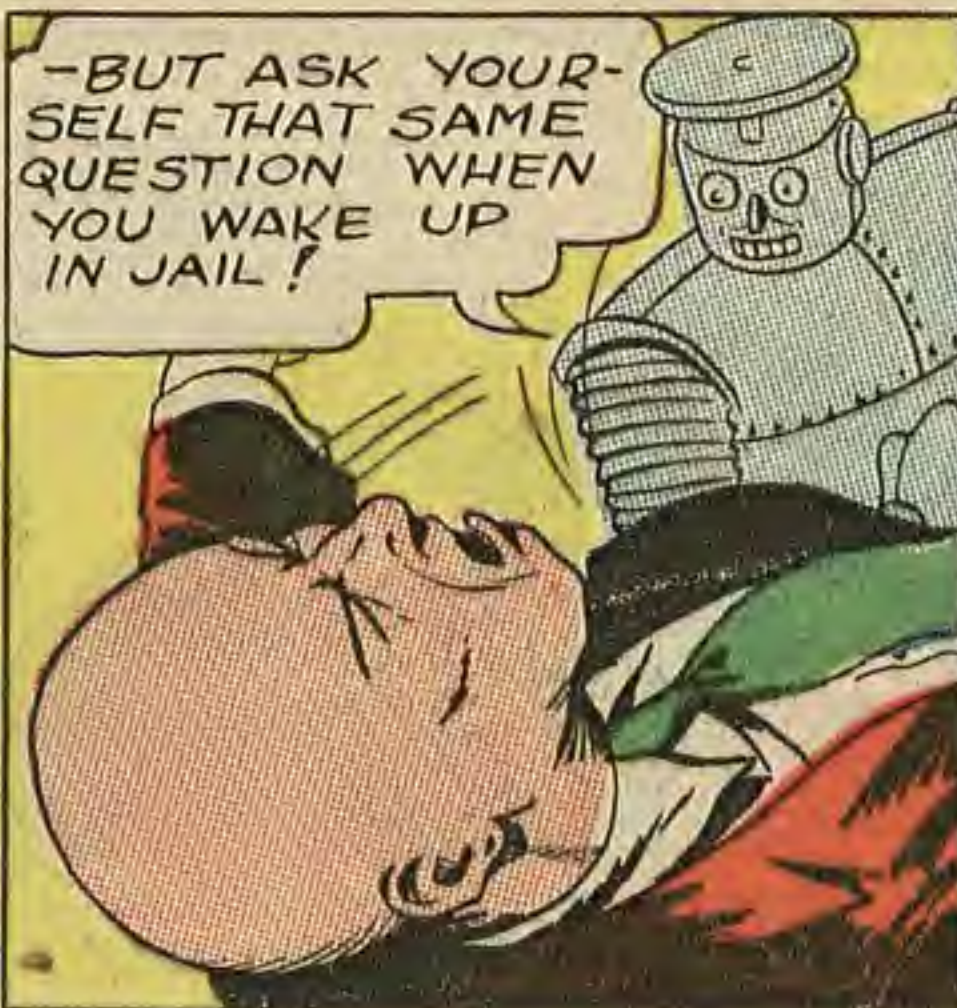
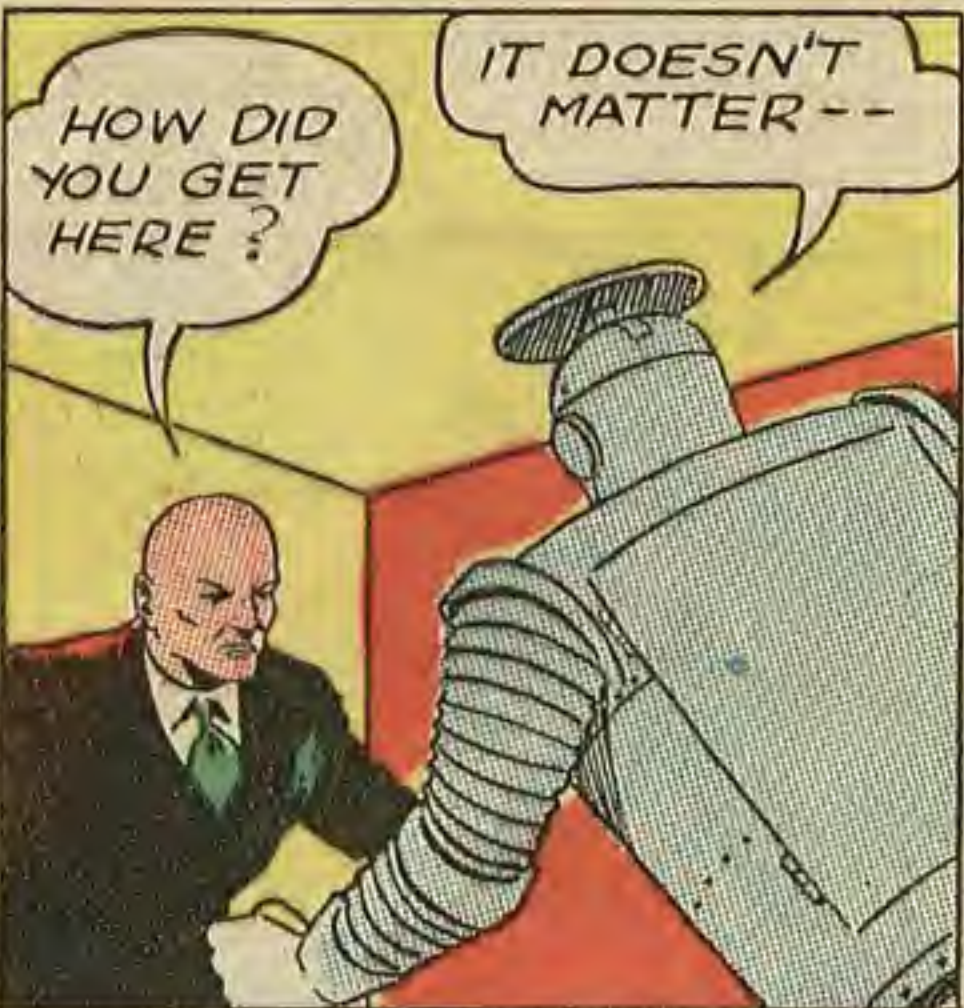
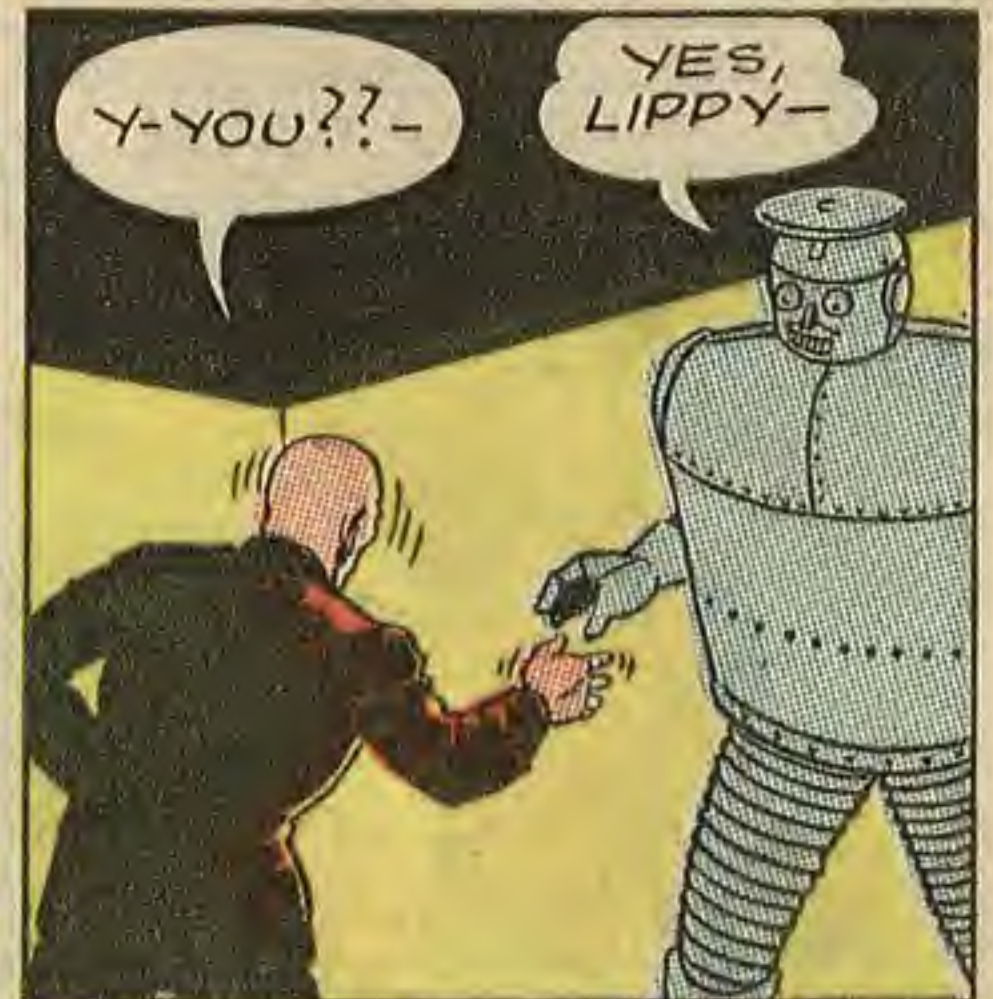
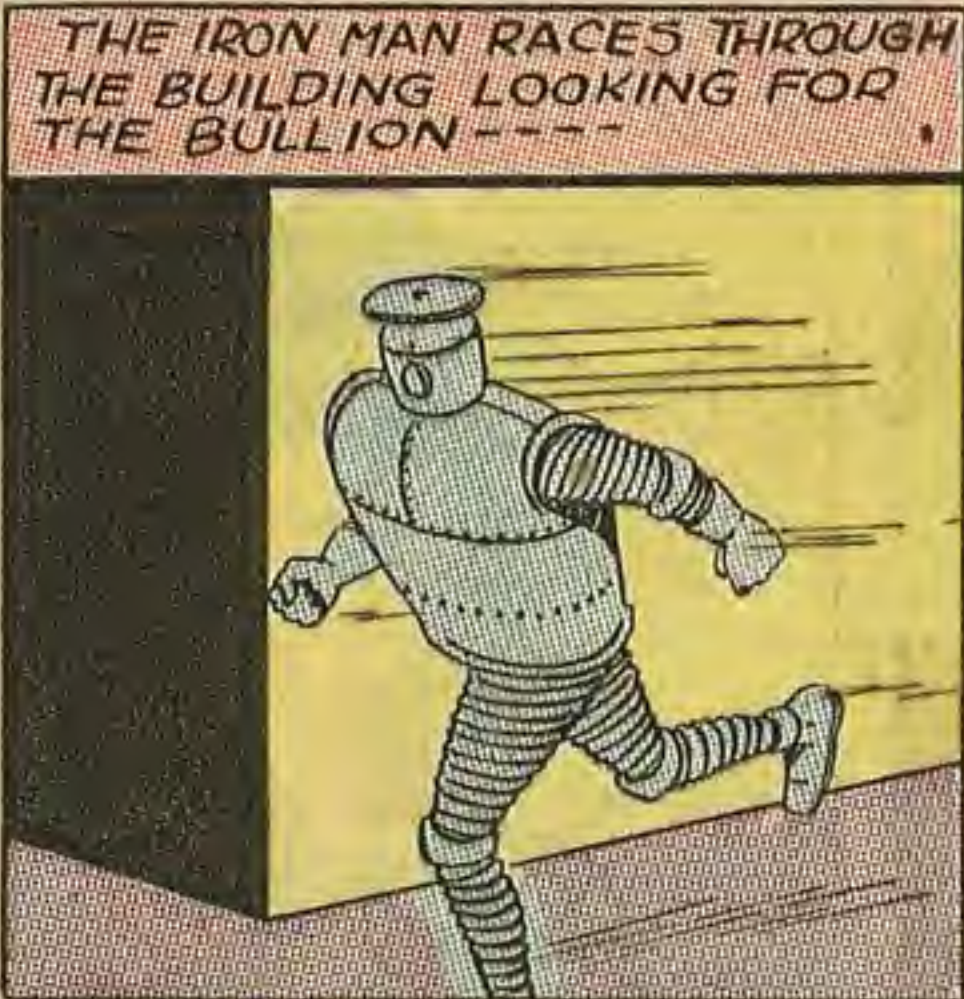
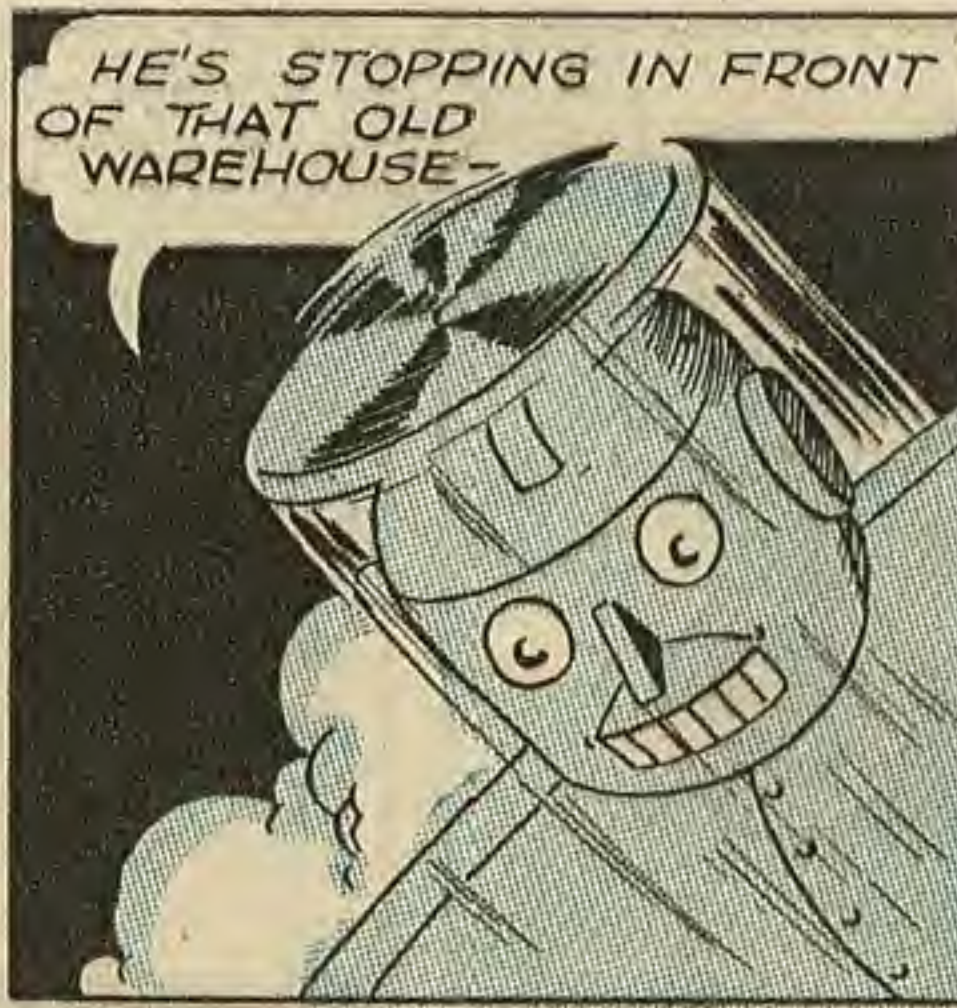


THERE HE IS--
HEADING FOR
THAT CAR!



I'LL LET HIM
LEAD ME TO
THE GOLD!





THE IRON MAN RACES THROUGH THE BUILDING LOOKING FOR THE BULLION----

HE'S STOPPING IN FRONT OF THAT OLD WAREHOUSE--

IF I HURRY I CAN GIVE HIM A LITTLE SCARE--



THE NEXT DAY--

STOLEN GOVERNMENT GOLD RETURNED.

GUARDS TELL A FANTASTIC STORY OF A GROTESQUE FIGURE COMING OUT OF THE SKY AND DEPOSITING THE GOLD AT THE DOOR OF THE TREASURY.

LIPPY LARGO AND GANG CONFESS. PLEAD WITH AUTHORITIES TO SAVE THEM FROM WRATH OF MONSTER IRON MAN.

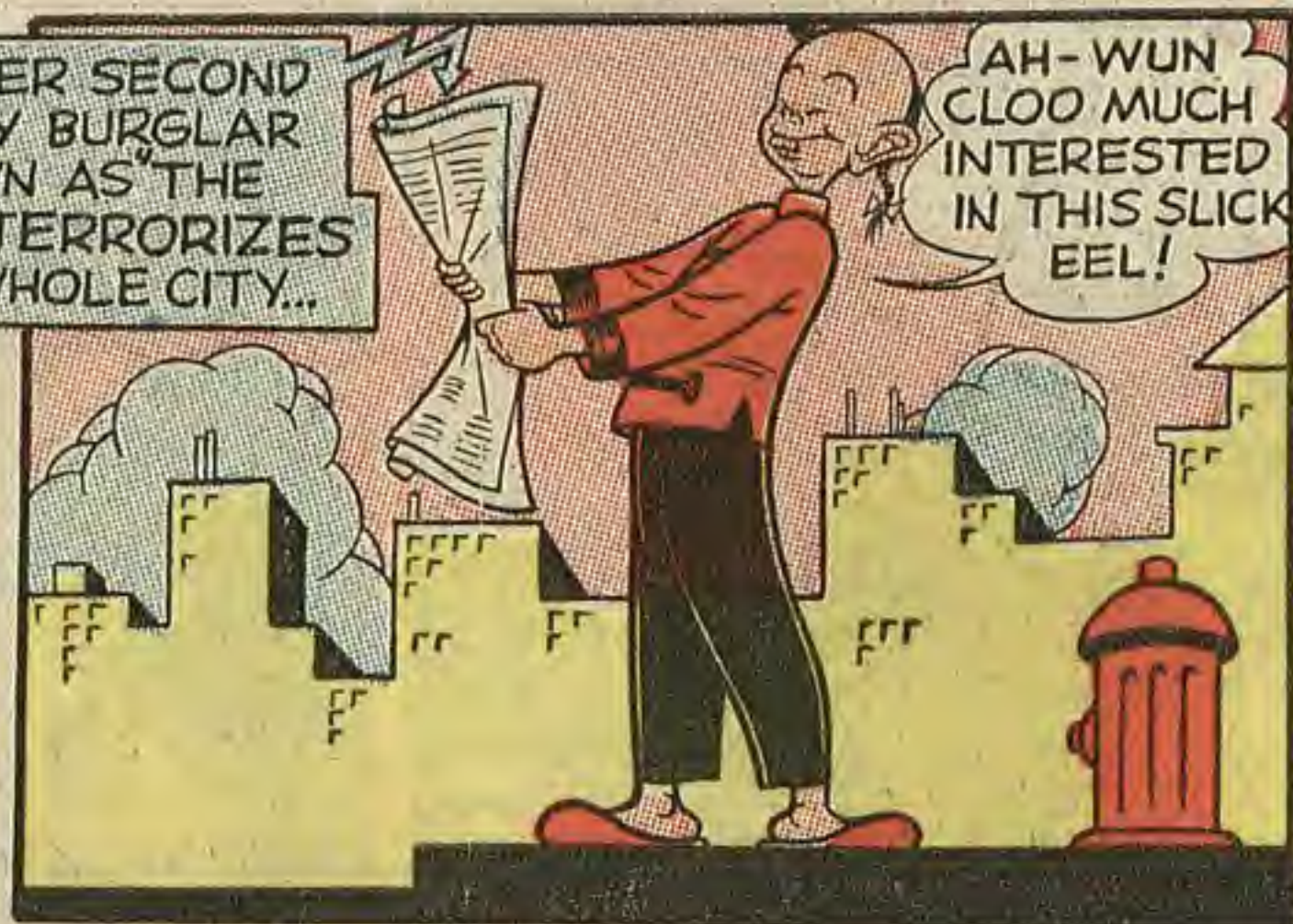
LIPPY LARGO

WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

by GILL FOX-

MASTER SECOND STORY BURGLAR KNOWN AS 'THE EEL' TERRORIZES THE WHOLE CITY...



AH-WUN CLOO MUCH INTERESTED IN THIS SLICK EEL!



HEY, WUN CLOO!...THE EEL HAS THREATENED TO ROB ME!... LOOK!



IF HE GETS AWAY WITH THAT, I'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THIS TOWN!



AH, SO! BUT IN THIS CASE THE LAUGHING STOCK WILL BE THE STUMBLING BLOCK FOR THE EEL!



THEN YOU HAVE AN IDEA?

YES, BUT WE WILL NEED A HEAVY STEEL SPRING FROM THIS JUNK YARD!

THE NEXT NIGHT.



I'LL HIDE IN SAFE..WHEN EEL OPEN IT, THIS SPRING WILL CATAPULT ME OUT UPON HIM!

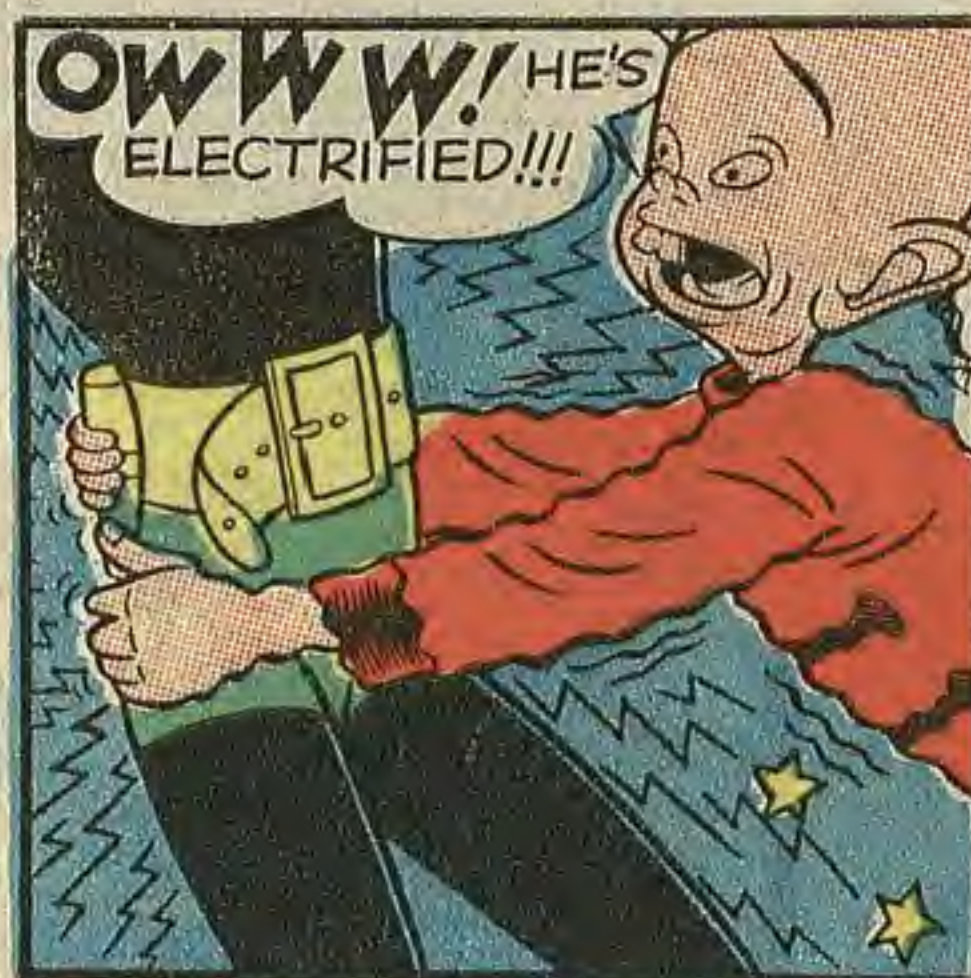


YOUR METHODS FOR CATCHING CROOKS ARE VERY ODD..

SOON AFTER THE LIGHTS ARE OUT, THE EEL TIP-TOES INTO THE ROOM!



A SAFE AIN'T SAFE WHEN I'M AROUND...AH, ONE MORE TURN AND...



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by
ART
GORDON

DEATH STRIKES IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE AS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE UNITED STATES AMMUNITION PLANT...

**SABOTAGE
WRECKS PLANT**
F.B.I. AGENTS
CAPTURE TWO WHO
SET OFF BLAST...
'BRAINS' OF SPY RING
UNKNOWN...

DAYS LATER... IN THE HILLS
OUTSIDE THE CITY...

IT WON'T TAKE US
LONG TO REACH THE
MAYAN INDIAN
VILLAGE,
DEAR!

PROFESSOR DIXON HAS
BEEN LIVING WITH THEM
FOR A YEAR NOW, STUDYING
INDIAN LIFE - I'M GOING
TO TAKE OVER HIS ROUTINE
WORK!

THAT MEANS HE'LL
HAVE MORE TIME FOR
SPECIAL RESEARCH -
GOSH... I'M LUCKY TO
GET THIS JOB!

J-JOHN!.. LOOK OUT -
MOUNTAIN LION!!

BANG!

AS THE GREAT BEAST
LEAPS, A SHOT RINGS
OUT FROM THE JUNGLE...

YA GOT 'IM,
BOSS -
NICE
SHOT!

JUST IN
TIME,
PEEPER, EH?

THANKS,
STRANGER -
YOU CERTAINLY
SAVED MY LIFE -
I'M DOCTOR
GRAY... THIS IS
MRS. GRAY!

MY NAME'S
GIRTH -
MY MAN
AND I
ARE LOOKING
FOR THE
MAYAN INDIAN
VILLAGE!

WHY!.. THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE
GOING---

FINE, DOCTOR -
WE CAN JOIN
PARTIES, EH?
HA-HA!

NOT FAR AWAY IS ANOTHER CAMPER—KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD, AND ENEMY OF CRIME...



HMM... IT SEEMS THE G-MEN ARE BAFFLED—SOMEHOW A SABOTAGE RING IS GETTING INFORMATION FROM SOMEONE REGARDING CANAL ACTIVITIES—BUT HOW?—EVEN ALL INDIAN VILLAGES ARE UNDER CLOSE WATCH...



SAY—WHAT'S THAT? FOUR WHITE PEOPLE GOING DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE... GUESS I'LL FOLLOW THEM!



I THINK WE'RE COMING TO A CLEARING!



THERE IT IS, FOLKS—THE MAYAN INDIAN VILLAGE—THEY STILL LIVE PRIMITIVELY AS THEIR ANCESTORS DID! WELL... LET'S GO!!



THERE'S THE PROFESSOR NOW TO GREET US!

COME IN, DOCTOR GRAY—I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



THIS IS THE MAIN PART OF THE CITY—MY QUARTERS ARE JUST BEYOND THAT HILL!



SO—THEY'VE ENTERED THAT INDIAN VILLAGE... HMM—I WONDER IF THEY'RE JUST TOURISTS --



—AND YET, THERE'S A POSSIBILITY THEY'RE NOT! THE INDIANS ARE QUITE FRIENDLY HERE—COULD THEY BE IN ON IT?? HMM... I WONDER--



THE INVISIBLE HOOD OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIND OUT!



THURSTON DOES HIS HOOD, WHICH IS COVERED BY A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE...





-THAT WE'RE BOTH SPIES, EH DOCTOR? BUT NEITHER YOU NOR YOUR WIFE WILL LIVE TO TELL IT!



WHILE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING INDIAN LIFE HERE, I'VE REALLY BEEN SENDING INFORMATION TO A SABOTAGE RING... EACH TIME THEY SEND SOMEONE POSING AS A COLLECTOR TO PICK UP AN IDOL WITH PAPERS INSIDE!!



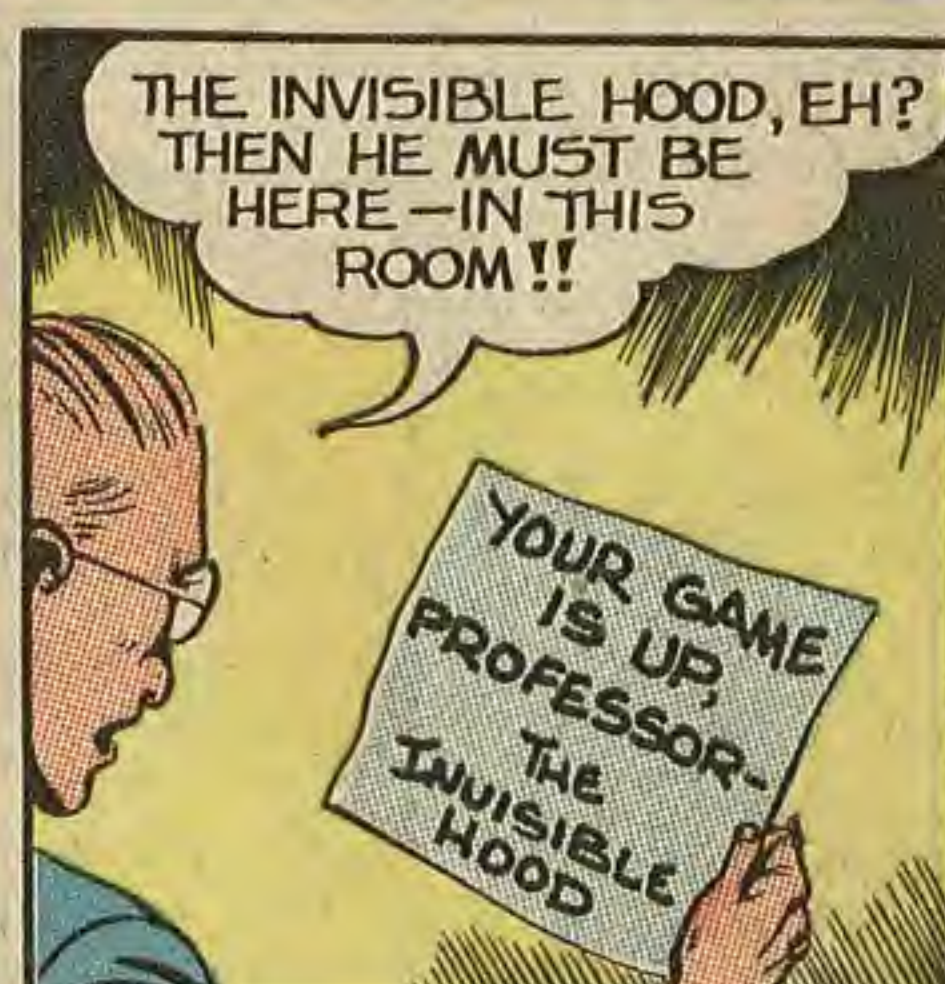
I FIGURED WITH AN ASSISTANT THINGS WOULD LOOK MORE NATURAL AND THERE WOULD BE NO SUSPICION FROM THE G-MEN-



QUICK, GIRL! TAKE BACK THOSE PAPERS AND COUNT 'EM.... SHOULD BE FIVE- WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!



GREAT SCOTT!! THERE ARE SIX, DIXON--AND LOOK!



THE INVISIBLE HOOD, EH? THEN HE MUST BE HERE--IN THIS ROOM!!



LOOK--THERE'S A GUN POINTING AT US....IT'S THE INVISIBLE HOOD!

REACH HIGH, YOU TWO!



DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU!

OH-OH--TH' BOSS IS IN TROUBLE!!



HANDS UP, MR. GHOST-- I THINK YOU CAN FEEL THIS GUN IN YOUR BACK, EH?



UGH!

QUICK AS A FLASH, THE HOOD GRABS THE GUNMAN'S ARM AND FLINGS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER...



THEY'RE BOTH OUT COLD--! BOY!.. THAT WAS QUICK ACTION!

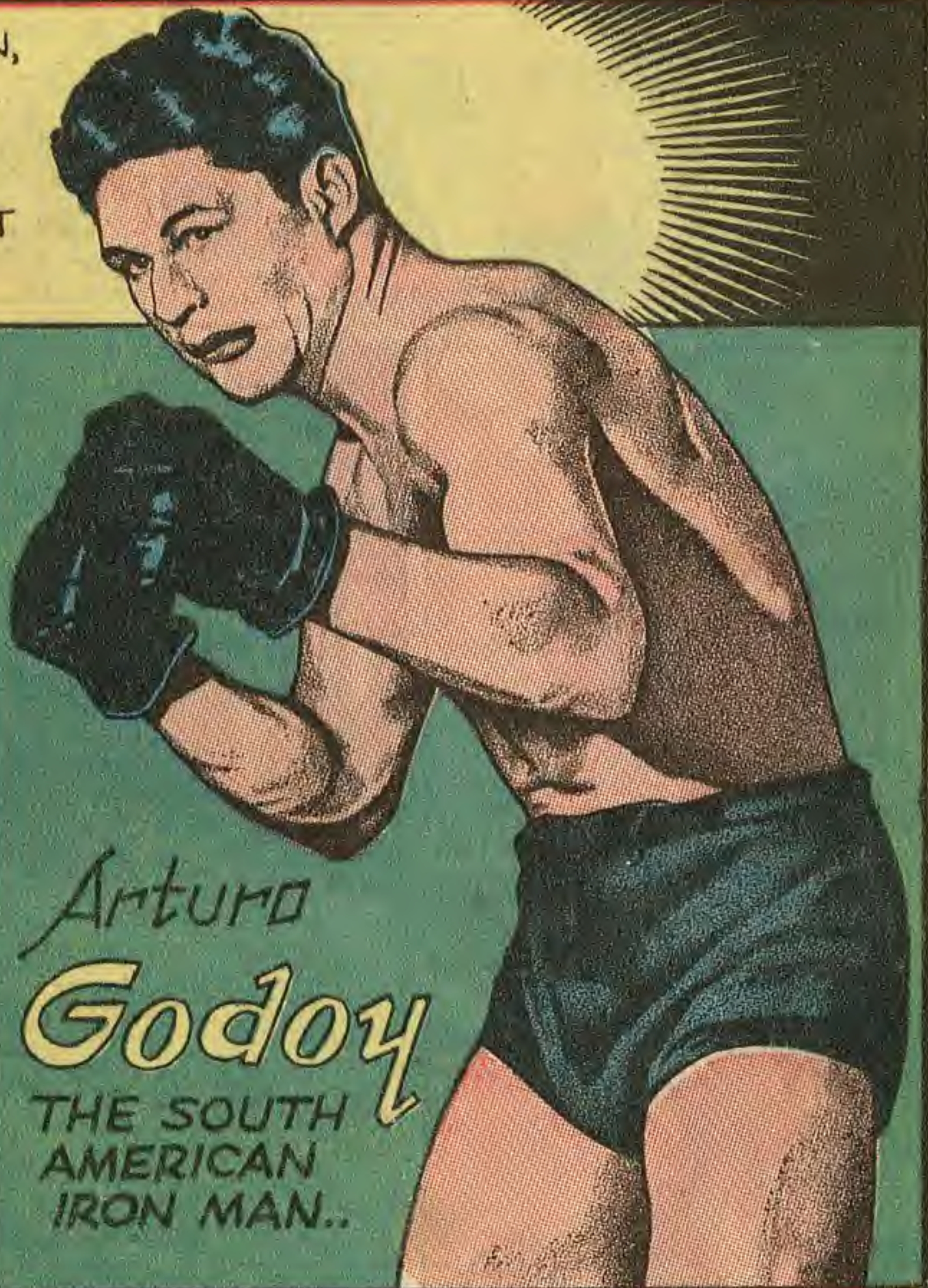
THE PROFESSOR-- HE'S MAKING A GETAWAY!



SPORTRAITS

FACING THE GREAT CHAMPION, JOE LOUIS, IN THE ROLE OF THE UNDERDOG, GODOY UPSET ALL THE DOPE BY STAYING THE 15 ROUNDS AND GIVING LOUIS ONE OF HIS TOUGHEST FIGHTS!

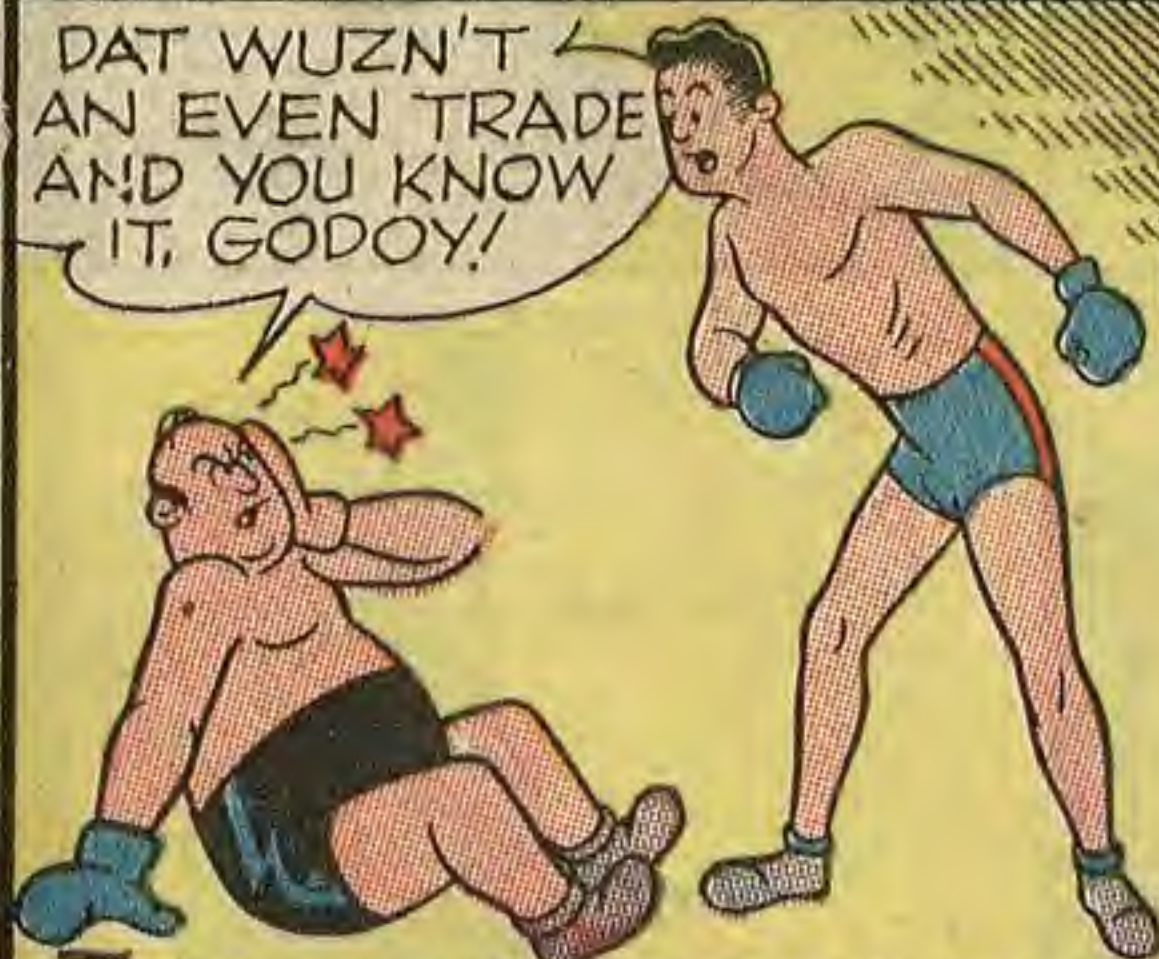
AH HEARD OF MEN STAYING LOW TO THE CANVAS, BUT THIS GUY'S UNDER IT!



Arturo
Godoy
THE SOUTH
AMERICAN
IRON MAN..

ARTURO'S EXTREMELY LOW CROUCH BAFFLED LOUIS PLENTY-AT TIMES THE SOUTH AMERICAN'S GLOVES WERE BUT A FOOT FROM THE CANVAS!

DAT WUZN'T AN EVEN TRADE AND YOU KNOW IT, GODOY!



I CAN'T GO DOWN FROM THEM LIL' LOVE TAPS, JOE..THE FANS'LL THINK WE AIN'T ON TH' LEVEL!

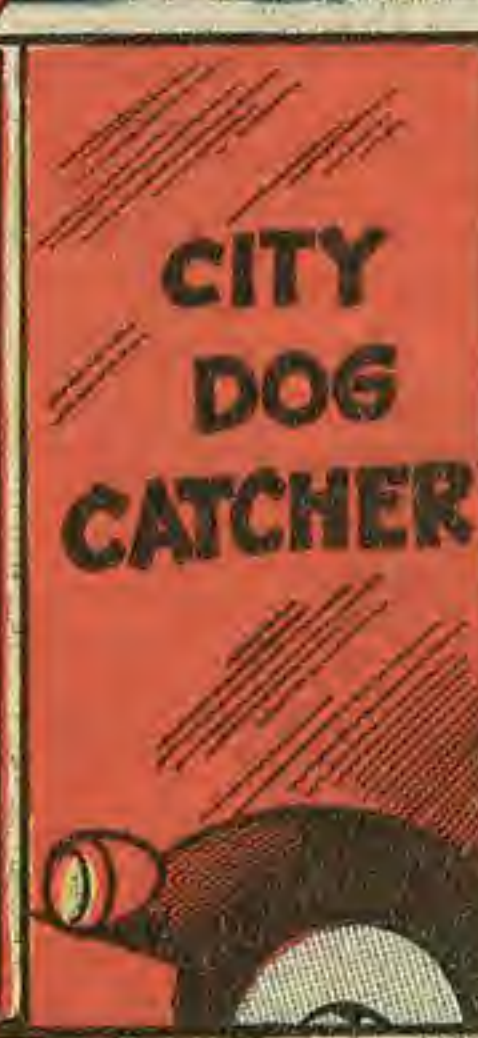


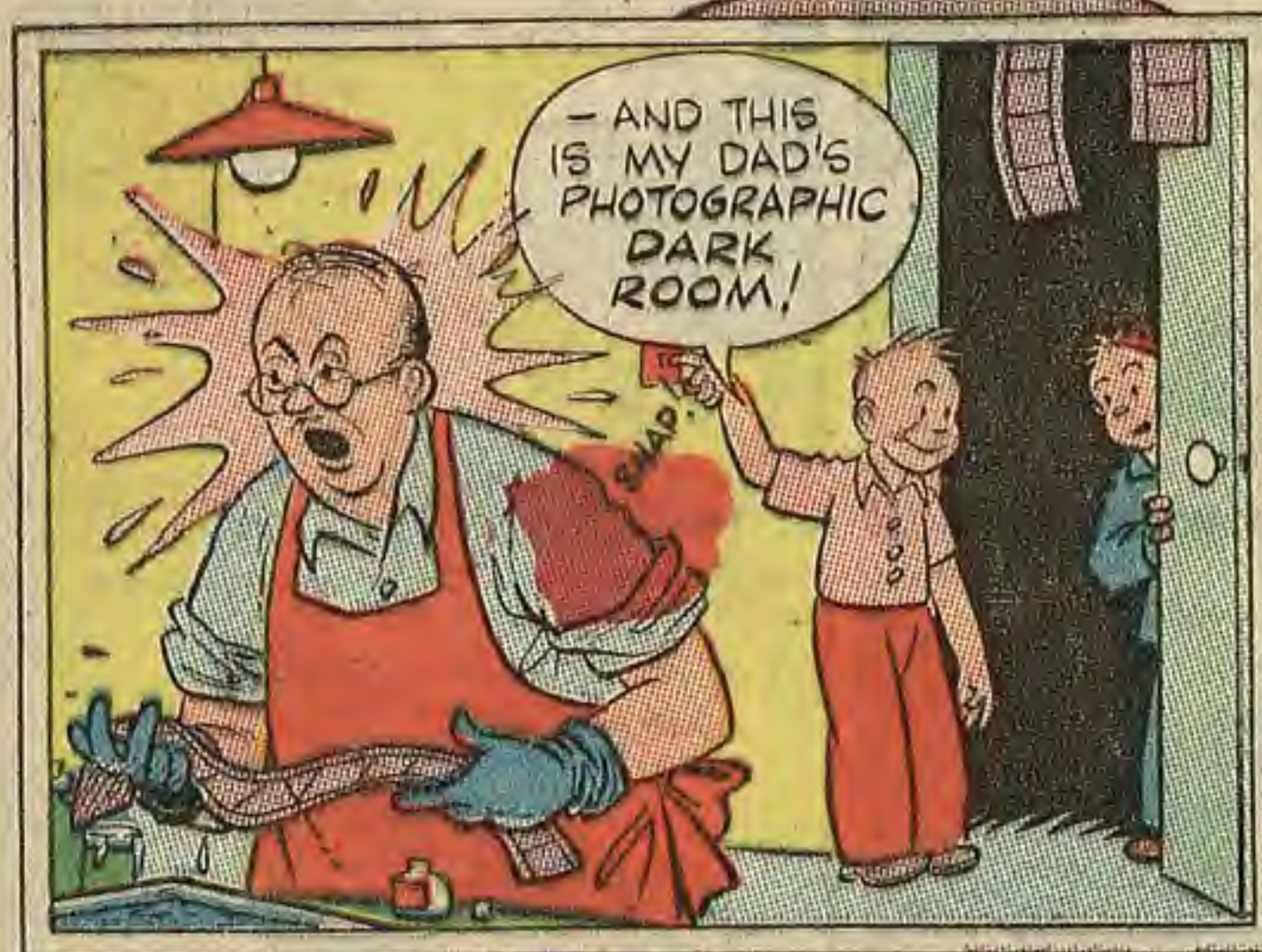
GILL
FOX-

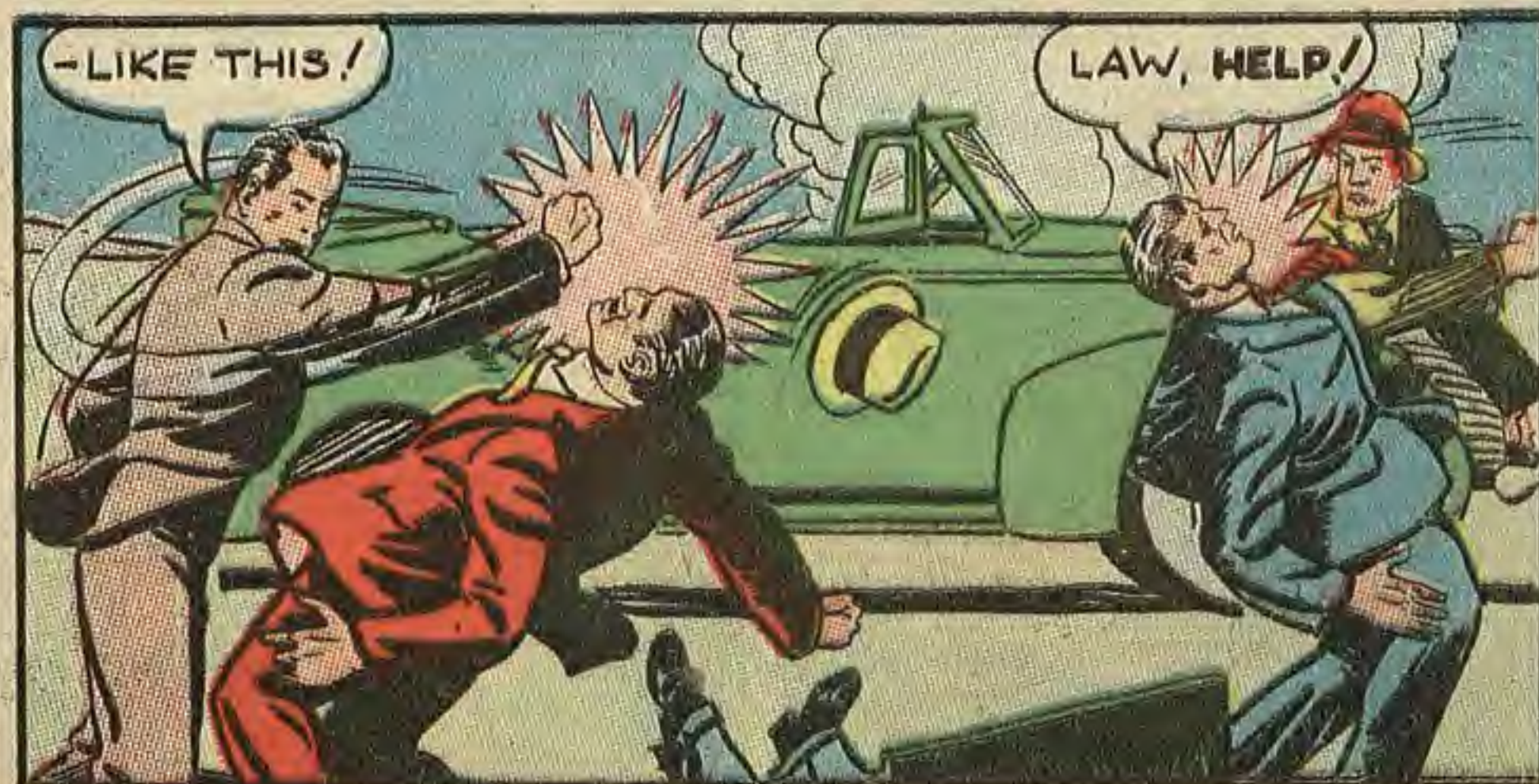
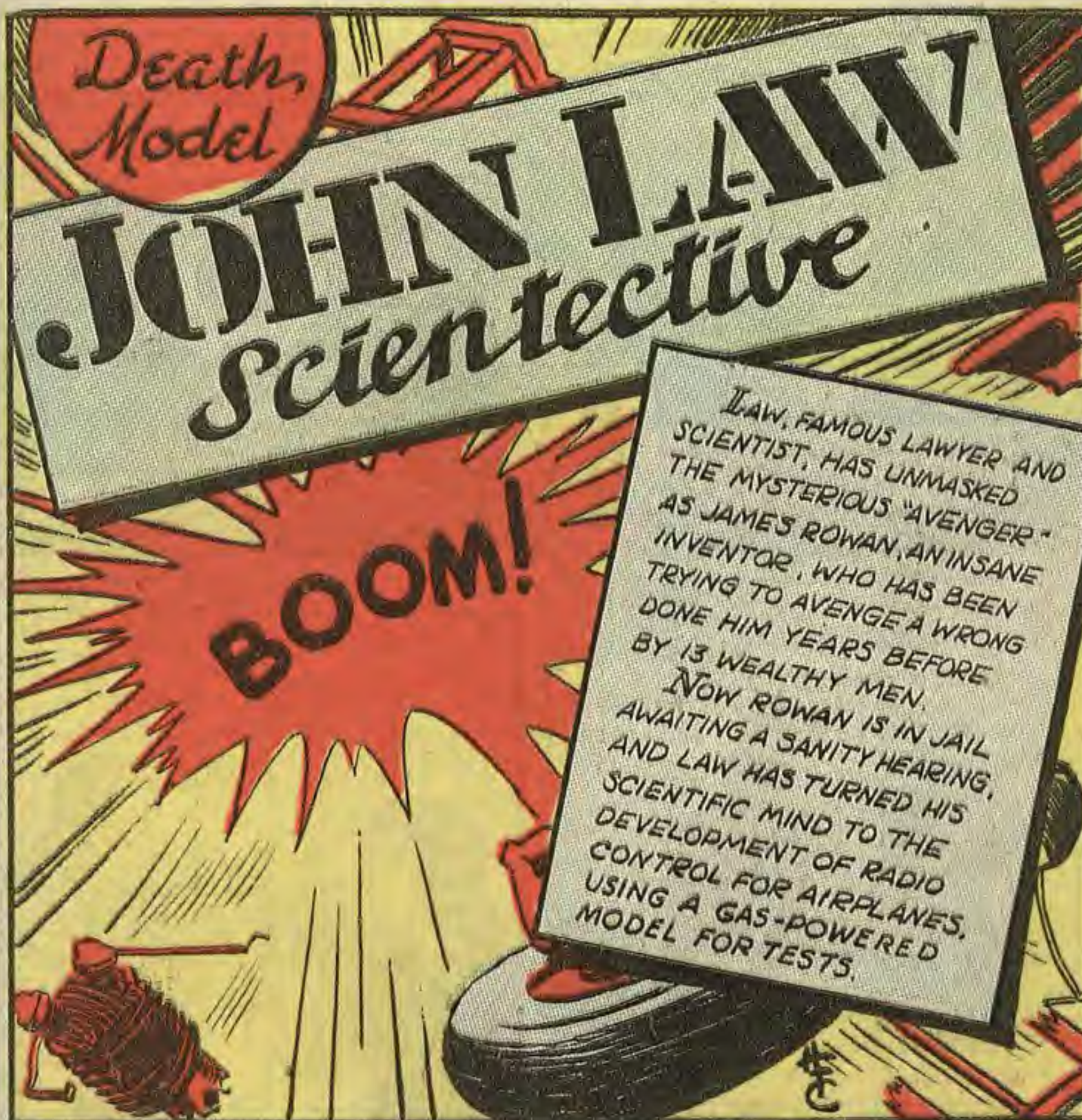
TWICE IN 1937 GODOY TURNED BACK TOUGH TONY GALENTO..WHICH PROVES HE CAN TRADE PUNCHES EVENLY WITH A SLUGGER AS WELL AS A BOXER..

IN THE LOUIS BOUT, ARTURO STOPPED SEVERAL OF JOE'S "SUNDAY" PUNCHES.. BUT HE KEPT BORING IN!











COMING, RAY!



NOT SO FAST, PUNK!

BUT - A BLOW FROM A
BLACKJACK FELS LAW!



WE GOT WHAT THE CHIEF
WANTS, LET'S GO!

WHILE LAW AND RAY
LIE UNCONSCIOUS!



WHAT - WHERE - ??
THE MODEL SHIP!
JUNE!

JOHN! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

5 MINUTES LATER



JOHN, THE AVENGER
ESCAPED YESTERDAY!

HE DID?



THIS IS MR. ARMS.. HE'S ON THE
AVENGER'S LIST...

YES - AND THAT MADMAN
SAYS HE'LL BLOW UP
MY MUNITIONS PLANT
BY 4 P.M. TOMORROW.



HAVE THE PLACE SEARCHED,
LOOK FOR TIME BOMBS, NEW
ELECTRIC WIRING - EVERYTHING.

RIGHT, LAW!
HOP TO IT, DUGAN!

A SHORT TIME LATER
AT ARMS' MUNITIONS PLANT



MR. ARMS, SOME OF
THAT DXZ EXPLOSIVE
WE'RE MAKING FOR THE
ARMY IS GONE!

THE MOST POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVE IN
THE WORLD!



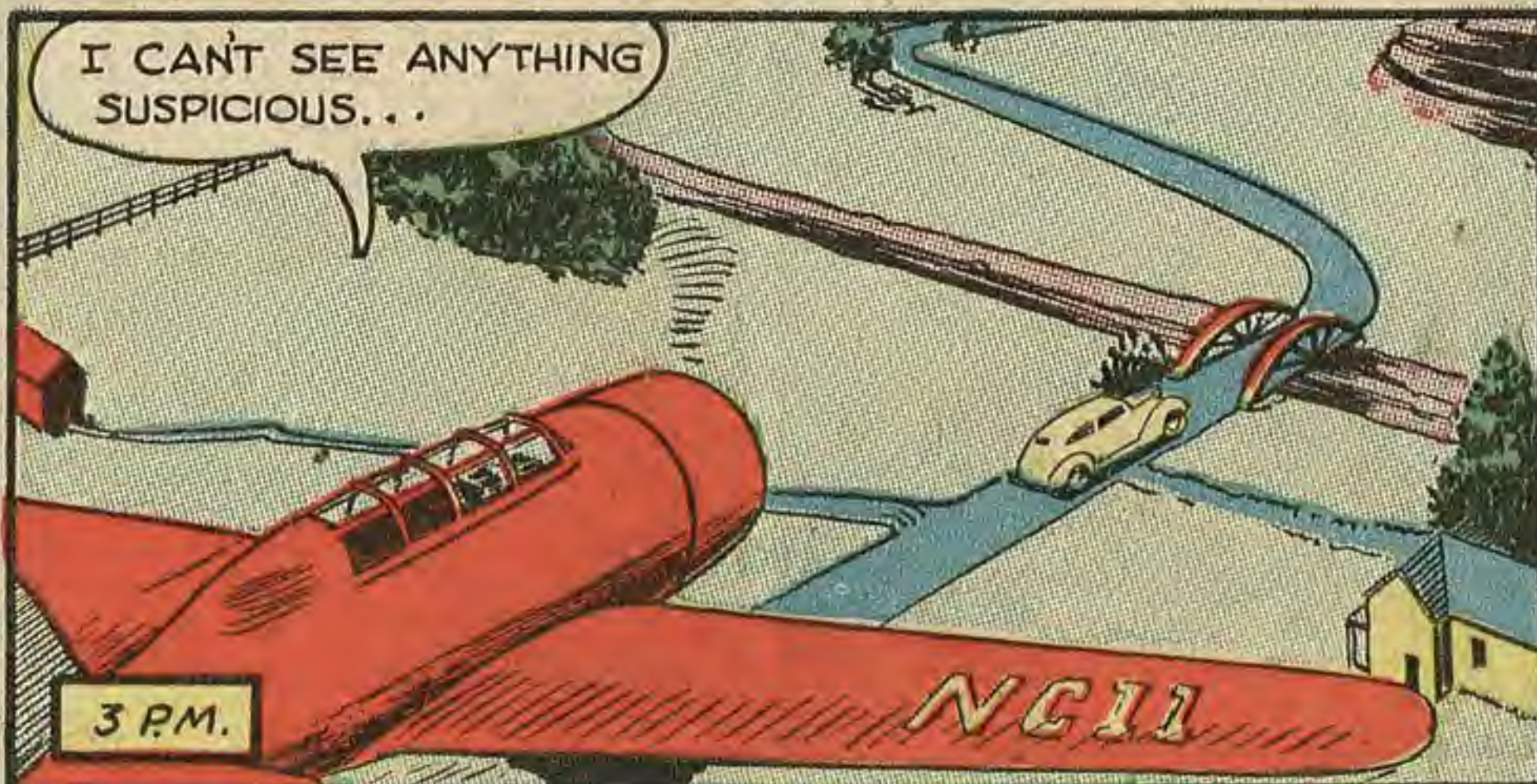
MORE TROUBLE!

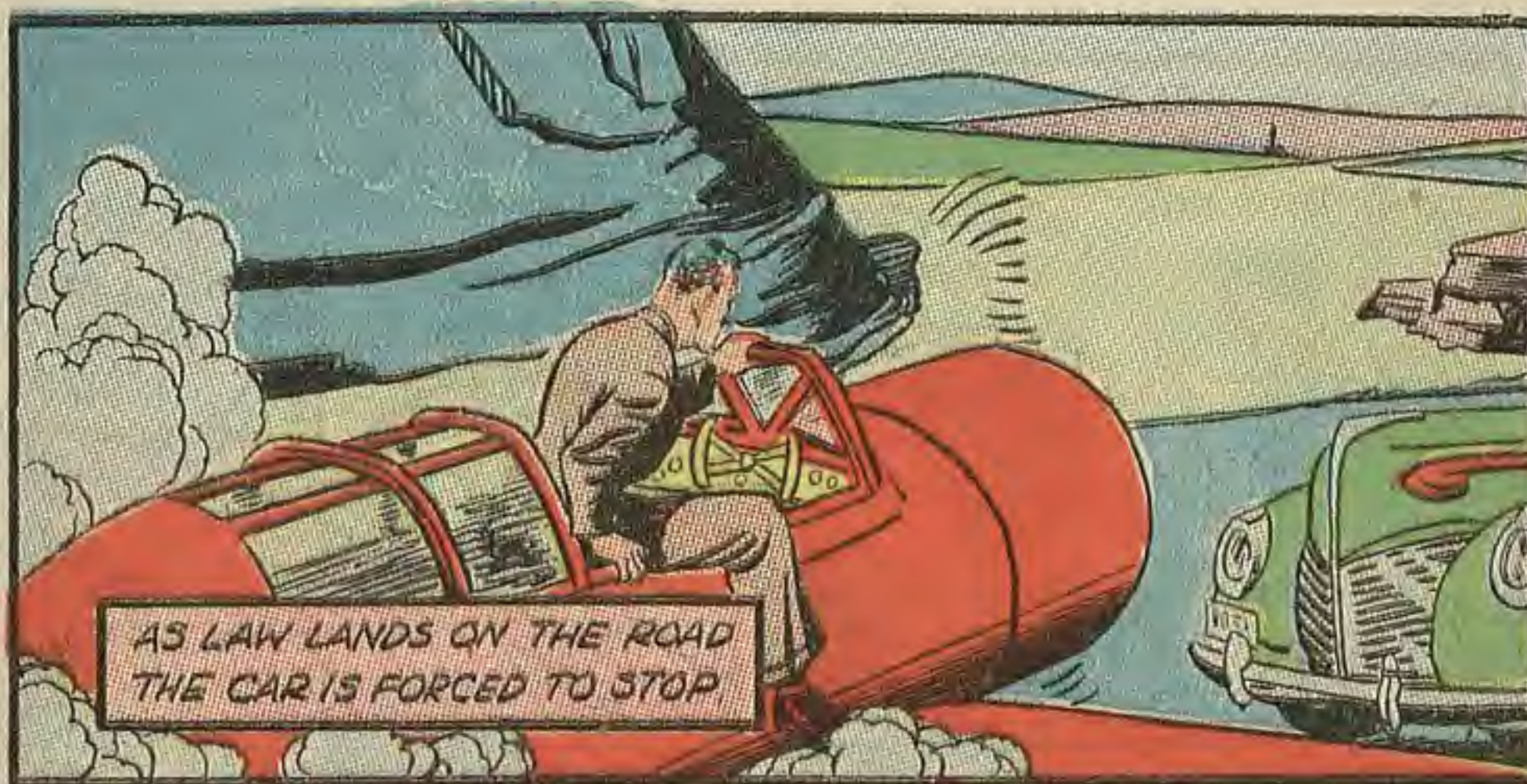
IT MAY TIE IN
WITH THE AVENGER'S
THREAT!



NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING
WRONG, MR. ARMS!

.. A THOROUGH SEARCH
OF THE PLANT SHOWS NOTHING.





AS LAW LANDS ON THE ROAD
THE CAR IS FORCED TO STOP



LAW! GET
HIM!

IN THE CAR--THE AVENGER!!



ONE DOWN!

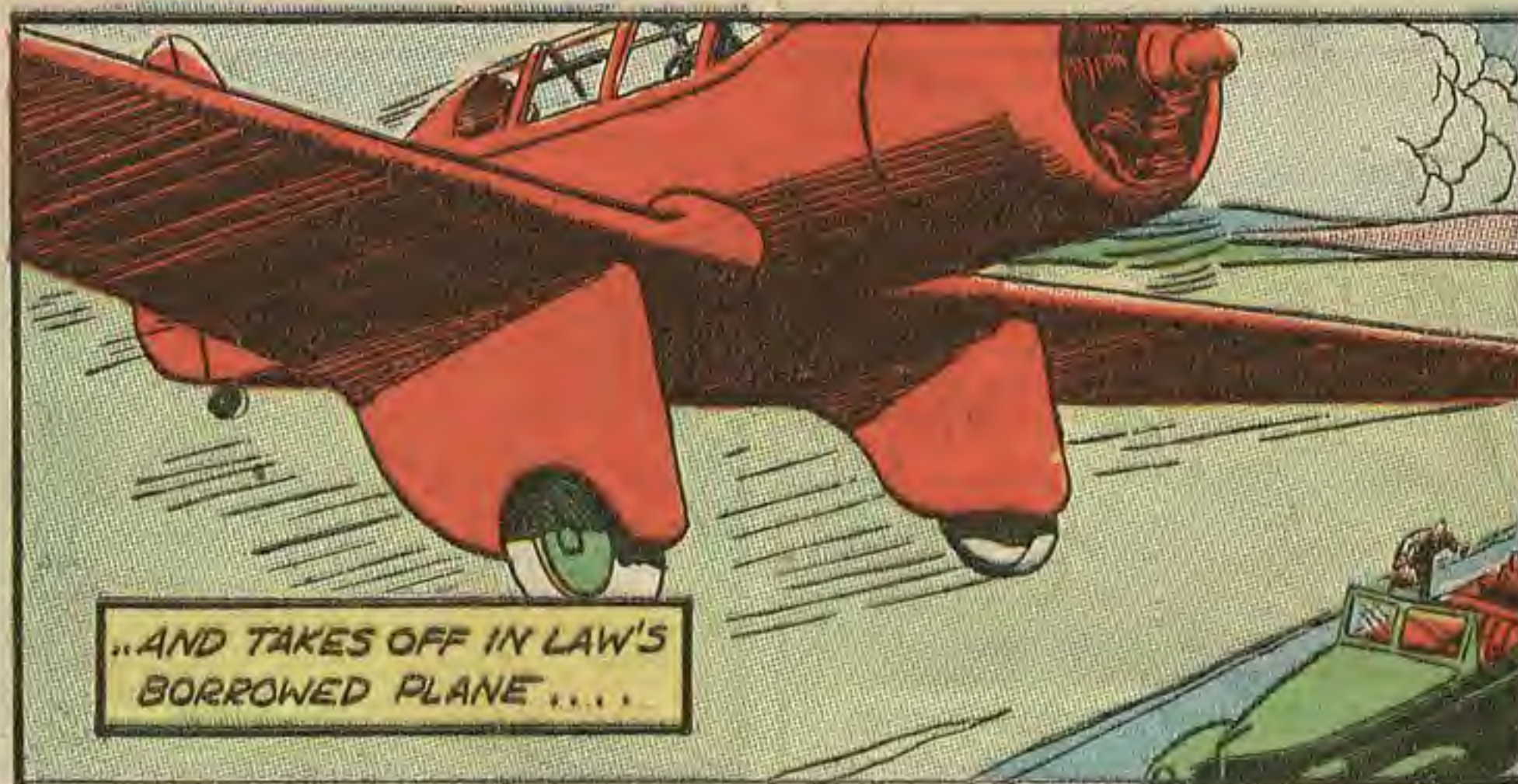


-AND ANOTHER!



YOU'RE NEXT!

MEANWHILE, THE AVENGER FLEES.



..AND TAKES OFF IN LAW'S
BORROWED PLANE....



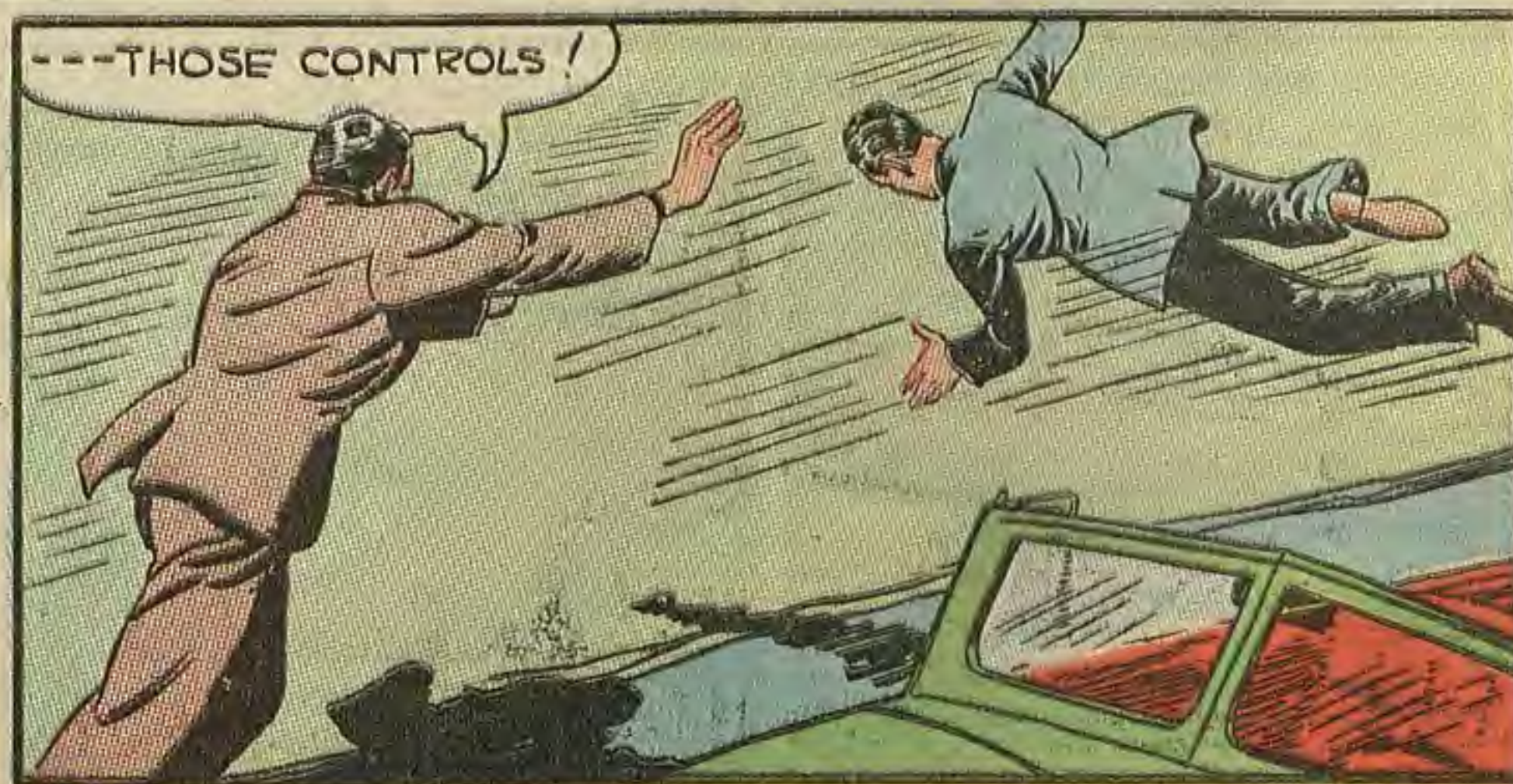
BUZZING RELENTLESSLY ON,
THE MODEL NEARS ARMS' PLANT.



GET AWAY FROM-

4

BACK AT THE CONTROL CAR....



---THOSE CONTROLS!

THE MODEL NOSES DOWN, AND DIVES TOWARD THE ARMS MUNITIONS FACTORY!!



I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT DIVE, IF MY MODEL'S CARRYING WHAT I SUSPECT---

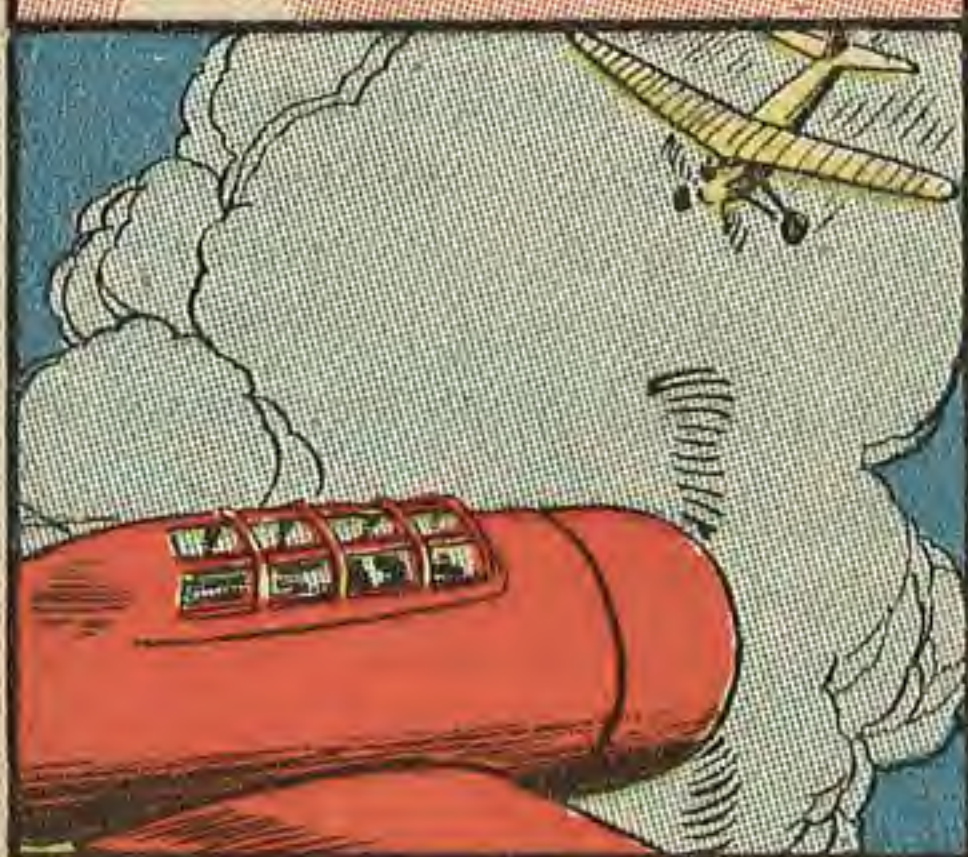


LAW DASHES TO THE CONTROLS.

AT THE LAST MINUTE, ...IN RESPONSE TO LAW AT THE CONTROLS, THE MODEL LEVELS OFF AND CLIMBS!!



-- THEN DIVES TOWARD THE AVENGER'S CIRCLING SHIP.



LOOK OUT - HELP!



IN THE AVENGER'S SHIP

SAVE ME! LAW!



BOOM!



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR!!!

THAT'S THE END OF THE AVENGER ALL RIGHT!



GREAT GUNS, LAW, WHAT HAPPENED?

I GUIDED MY MODEL PLANE INTO THE AVENGER'S SHIP, ARMS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.

BUT THAT EXPLOSION??

YOUR MISSING DXZ, IN MY STOLEN RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL PLANE.



HOW DID YOU SPOT THAT MODEL AS YOURS?

I HEARD THE CLICKS OF THE CONTROL SIGNALS OVER THE RADIO!



Music For Murder

By Robert M. Hyatt

Luigi (alias Silk) Baca dimmed the blaring radio, took three paces across the room, then turned the music on again. The orchestra was interrupted by a news flash: Somebody had been shot; the police were hot on the trail . . .

Police! Silk swore softly under his breath. Coppers! A shiver of fear stole up his spine. Then he ground his teeth. What the heck had he to fear from the law? What was eating on his nerves? He snapped the radio off, slumped down into a big easy chair and picked up a magazine.

The lamp threw his evil, furtive face into bold relief. Thin, spidery lines made a web around his thin-lipped mouth. Spidery—that was the word that best described Silk Baca. Silk. He had earned that moniker by being clever—spidery. He was clever! He had never fouled a job. He hadn't fouled the last one. Old Waggoner was dead. The old musician would never again . . .

A soft sound stole through the closed door. Silk jumped, breathing hard, eyes slitted. The sound was not repeated, but he could have sworn . . . He sat back and drew a shaky hand over his moist brow. Going soft! What the devil, Waggoner was dead, wasn't he?

The dumb coppers wouldn't have a thing on him. He had seen to that, before he left the room of death across the hall. The old cleverness! Silk! They'd find the old man's body where it had fallen, his own gun in his hand. Silk's

revolver—Silk laughed unpleasantly. Why, his gat hadn't been fired in months!

Silk permitted himself a few reminiscences. But the thought of old Waggoner, the musician, kept recurring. The old man had been a favorite in the entire block. Silk remembered how he used to come tapping at his door, shyly inviting him over for a cup of tea. The old man had been lonely, he often told Silk. His one ambition was to make enough to see his young nephew through the Conservatory. Once he had confided to Silk that he had saved up almost enough—\$3000 which he kept tied in a little pouch around his neck.

That night Silk thought about the three grand. What the devil good would it do to shoot the wad on a young punk's musical education? Why, with three G's he could set up a sweet little racket in Chi. Sure, that was the ticket. Get out of this small-town stickup business. Start a graft. Get in the big dough. He'd get that three thou!

He'd got it. It reposed in a roll behind a loose bit of plaster in the hall. And old Waggoner was dead. He would never play his haunting airs again. Never come tapping at the door . . .

The soft, disturbing sound drifted into his room once more. Piano! Sure it was. And it was that same well known number the old man had always played about this time of evening. But who could be playing it? No one else

in the apartment had a piano. No one else but old Waggoner could play like that . . . !

The soft chords fell in the slow, measured beat old Waggoner always used. Cripes!

Silk leaped up, steadied himself with one hand. Cold sweat beaded his pallid brow. No. It couldn't be. He wasn't superstitious. That stuff was out. Old Waggoner was stiff as a plank by now . . .

The music ended, and a moment later a soft tapping came at his door. Silk clawed at the pocket of his robe, then remembered that his gat was in the suitcase under the bed. The tapping was repeated—just like old Waggoner would do. Silk's throat felt parched. His eyes bulged. Sweat dripped into them. Cold sweat.

He croaked, "Who's—who's there?"

"It's I," came a strange, thin voice. "Fritz Waggoner—may I come in, please?" The door opened and a tall, pale youth en-



tered hesitantly. He looked at Silk, frightened.

"It's about—about Uncle John," the newcomer said tremblingly. "John Waggoner—he's—dead. Somebody shot him!"

"Nuts!" snarled Silk. "Yer crazy, kid. I just heard the old man playin'!"

"It was I playing," said Fritz. "I played 'The Last Chord.' Uncle John always told me if anything ever happened to him I was to play it. I did. Then I phoned the police."

"Phoned th'—" Silk caught himself in time. What had he to worry about? He was in the clear.

"You—you say yer uncle is shot? Cripes!"

"I came to you," the youth said sadly, "because Uncle John often told me about you. You were his friend. I thought you might—"

A loud knocking on the door made Silk jump in spite of himself. It burst open and three plain clothes men entered.

"You Luigi Baca?" one of them demanded.

Silk nodded.

"Who are you?" the man asked Fritz.

The latter introduced himself. "He—he was my uncle," he said unsteadily.

"What do you know about this, Baca?" the detective wanted to know.

"Nothin'," Silk stated bluntly. "I was sittin' here readin' when this kid come in—told me about old John. It's—it's awful, ain't it."

One of the detectives was a youth hardly eighteen—Jimmie Christian. He was developing, among his many other pursuits, a theory of crime detection. He had secured the full cooperation of the police department. He said quietly to Baca, "Got a gun?"

"Sure," said Baca.

"Get it."

Silk rummaged in the suitcase and came up with the weapon. The young man examined it carefully, handed it to one of the officers.

"Hasn't been fired in a long time evidently."

"Naw," the other replied after a keen scrutiny of the shiny barrel, inside and out. "Clean as a whistle."

Jimmie said, "Let's get over

across the hall. You come along, Baca."

Old Waggoner lay at the feet of his beloved piano. A pistol was clutched in his right hand. His eyes were open, indicating that the lethal slug had ended life instantly.

The coroner was there before them. "Plain case of suicide, looks



like to me," he said with the casualness that his calling creates. "Dead about four hours."

"Yeah," replied one of the detectives. He carefully removed Waggoner's gun from the cold hand. Then he turned to a uniformed motor officer. "Kelly," he said, "trot these two gats down to headquarters and have Peters look 'em over. Hurry back."

The motor cop departed.

Silk, seated on the worn sofa, hid the laugh that bubbled inside him. These dumb dicks!

Jimmie Christian strolled over to the piano, glanced casually at the sheet of hand-written music, and began playing runs with one hand. He played a few bars, paused, then repeated the procedure. At length he seated himself on the bench and played the composition through.

"Huh," said one of the detectives, "not bad, Jimmie. Didn't know it was in you."

Kelly returned with the two guns and Jimmie asked to see

New! Bicycle Shock Absorber!

Wonderful new E-M Shock Absorbing Stem. Has a rubber cushion that takes the jolts out of riding. Fits all bikes. Stream-lined. Chrome-plated. Better than a spring fork—and less expensive. Brings your bike up to date. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct—\$1.95 postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Circular on request.



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them. The motor officer whispered something, turned and left the room. Jimmie looked the guns over slowly. Then he faced Baca.

"You murdered Waggoner!" he snapped.

Baca leaped up, snarled a curse. "Don't be funny, copper!"

"I'm not. Look here." Jimmie held out the pistols. They looked identical. "You made one serious blunder when you exchanged the barrels on these gats after shooting Waggoner with yours. You see, a fine scratch extends down the barrel of Waggoner's gun, but ends at the frame. The other end of that scratch, Baca, continues on the frame of your gun!"

Silk turned a pasty color. Then his courage flowed back. "Yer nuts! You can't pin this on me!"

"No?" answered Jimmie calmly. "Then we'll do it this way: Waggoner himself accused you of his murder. That mirror above his piano—anybody entering the door there would be plainly visible to the player. Now then listen, if you want further proof." Young Christian sat down on the bench and played a few bars of the music. He repeated the run.

"Know what that music spells, Baca?" he asked softly. "Those last four notes, written in Waggoner's own handwriting. They spell . . . B-A-C-A!"

Read **KICKBACK** in the
August issue of **SMASH**
COMICS - on sale June 19th.

CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

THE ROCKET MURDER MYSTERY

THE 1940 LONDON AIR SHOW IS IN FULL SWING... THE CROWDS MILL ABOUT, VIEWING THE LATEST TYPES OF AIRCRAFT... SUDDENLY...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE A GREAT SURPRISE FOR YOU--A ROCKET PLANE WILL BE SENT TO THE PLANET MARS FROM THIS AIR SHOW TONIGHT!



DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S JOKING, COOK?

MAYBE-- LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND THE ROCKET!



SUDDENLY, AS COOK AND THE CHIEF OF SCOTLAND YARD APPROACH A SPECIALLY BUILT LABORATORY--

DUCK, CHIEF!!

BANG! BANG!



THOSE SHOTS WERE FOR US!

WHOEVER IT WAS, VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!!



LOOK!! THE ROCKET! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY REALLY MEAN TO SEND THAT TO MARS!!



BUT HOW COULD THEY? SCIENCE HASN'T ADVANCED THAT FAR YET!

YOU NEVER KNOW...



LOOK! WHAT'S THAT HE'S GOT?!

A DUMMY FIGURE--MADE TO LOOK LIKE A HUMAN BEING!!



HE'S STUFFING IT INTO THE ROCKET!



CAPTAIN COOK? HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU!!

?



I know that unless you leave the air show you will be killed!
A Friend



PROFESSOR, I'LL KEEP OUT OF THE PICTURE UNTIL YOU SEND THE ROCKET OFF TO MARS -- THEN I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS --



A SHORT WHILE LATER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ROCKET IS READY TO LEAVE FOR MARS!!



--IF YOU WILL WATCH THE OBSERVATORY FROM THE OUTDOOR ARENA YOU WILL SEE IT TAKE OFF--



THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS FILE INTO THE OUTDOOR THEATER NEXT TO THE OBSERVATORY

I WONDER WHY THE PROFESSOR INSISTED WE WATCH THE TAKE-OFF FROM OUT HERE, COOK?

I'VE GOT A FEELING WE SHOULD'VE STAYED IN THERE--



THE TIME ARRIVES--AND THE ROCKET SOARS LIKE A BULLET!



THEN, SUDDENLY A SCREAM COMES FROM THE SPOT OF THE TAKE-OFF

H-E-L-P!!

CHIEF! COME QUICK!!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

READ THIS!!



To the world: Everyone believed that I was sending the rocket to the planet mars without a human pilot-- I had perfected a robot to send it, but I could not resist seeing the glories of a new planet myself.

--specially an arm of since I suspected by murder in Scotland yard, a crime of which I am innocent-- Professor Epstein

I TRIED TO STOP HIM FROM ENTERING THE ROCKET BUT-- I-I-OH, I FEEL GROGGY!!



GET HIM SOME WATER, SOMEBODY! --AND GET THIS CROWD OUT OF HERE!





CLIP CHANCE



**SATURDAY,
JUST BEFORE
THE MEET
BETWEEN
CLIFFSIDE
AND
COLE
COLLEGE
IS TO
START-**

I'VE GOT TO HURRY,
SPUD, I'M LATE
NOW!

OKAY, I'LL
SEE YOU IN
THE GYM!

SHAKE IT UP, CLIP-
THE FIRST EVENT GOES ON
IN TEN MINUTES!

OKAY-

AND REMEMBER, FELLOWS-
IF WE CAN WIN THIS MEET
WE'LL GAIN NATION-WIDE
RECOGNITION, SO GO OUT
THERE AND
WIN!

MEANWHILE, SPUD WANDERS
ABOUT THE BIG INDOOR TRACK-

HERE'S A GUY WHO LOOKS
LIKE HE MIGHT BE DUMB
ENOUGH TO BET CLIFFSIDE
WILL BEAT US, CHUCK!

HEY, SHRIMP-
WAIT UP!

THE NAME'S
SPUD- WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

WHO DO YOU
THINK WILL
WIN THE MEET,
MR. SPUD?

CLIFFSIDE,
I HOPE!

I'VE GOT TEN
THAT SAYS,
THEY WON'T!

SORRY,
I'M NOT
BETTING!

NOW, IF THAT ISN'T
JUST LIKE A LOYAL CLIFF-
SIDE ROOTER- THEY HAVEN'T
GOT THE COURAGE OF
THEIR
CONVIC-
TIONS!

C'MON, CHUCK- HE PROBABLY
KNOWS COLE WILL
WIN IN A
WALK!

I'LL TAKE THAT
BET, WISE
GUY!

COLE

THANKS,
SUCKER!

COLE OPENS THE MEET BY
TAKING THE 100 YARD DASH
IN RECORD TIME----



THE TWO TEAMS BATTLE BITTERLY-----

CLIP WINS THE JAVELIN THROW--



WOW!-
WHAT
COMPETITION!

YOU SAID IT-
THIS TEAM ISN'T
GOING TO BE
ANY PUSH-
OVER FOR
COLE--



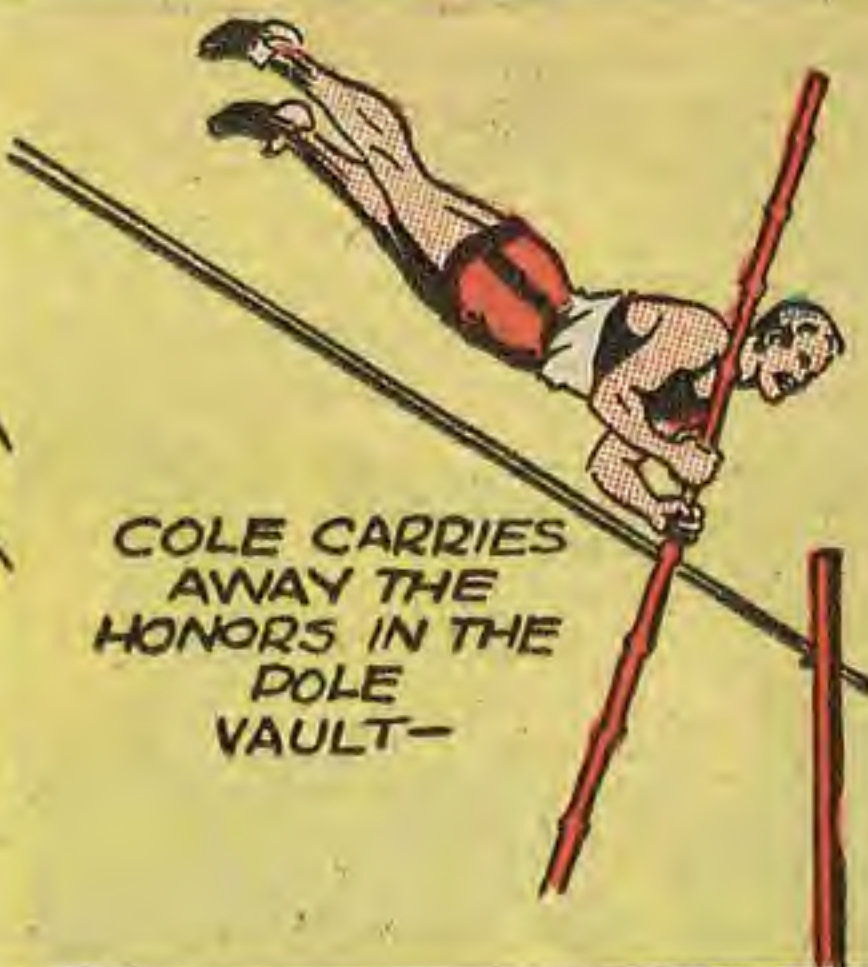
CLIP EASILY WINS THE
DISCUS THROW WITH A
HEAVE OF 154 FEET--



COLE PULLS OUT IN
FRONT BY TAKING FIRST
IN THE BROAD-JUMP---



COLE CARRIES
AWAY THE
HONORS IN THE
POLE
VAULT--



DICK ARNOLD, CLIFFSIDE'S
CRACK MILER, FINISHES
FAR OUT IN FRONT
OF THE COLE
MAN----



CLIP,
WE'RE
DOING!
GREAT!

HOW MANY
POINTS DO
WE HAVE,
COACH?



I DON'T
KNOW, THEY'LL
POST THEM IN A
MOMENT--LOOK,
CLIP-- THEY'RE
POSTED!

WOW!



POINT SCORE

COLE 45

CLIFFSIDE 45

NEXT EVENT

TWO MILE RUN

CLIP, IT'S UP TO YOU-IF
YOU WIN, GOOD-IF YOU
LOSE IT'S NO DISGRACE,
JUST REMEMBER-- WE'VE
PRESSED
COLE HARDER
THAN ANY
TEAM THEY
EVER MET--



CONTESTANTS FOR THE
NEXT AND LAST EVENT,
THE TWO MILE RUN, WILL
REPORT AT THE STARTING
LINE---



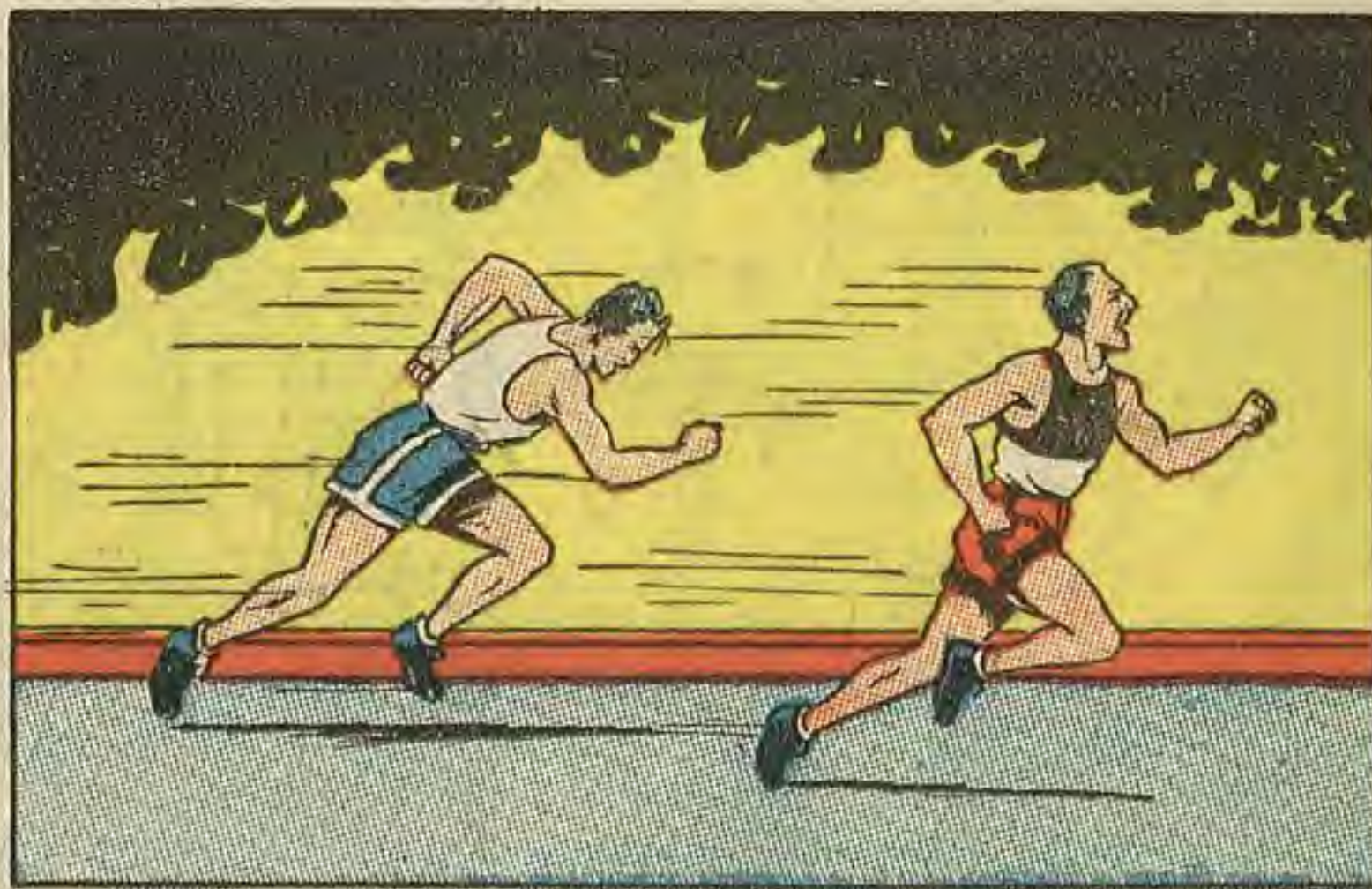
THAT
MEANS ME,
COACH!

GOOD
LUCK,
CLIP!



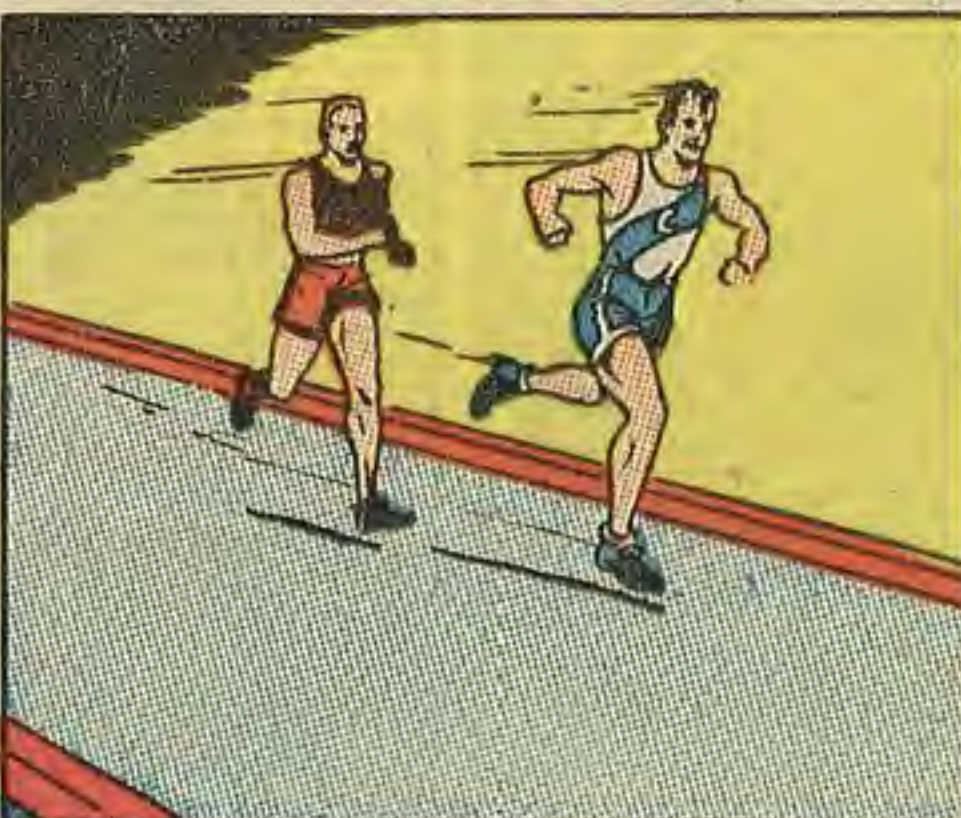


AND
GIL
FOX,
COLE'S
ACE,
TAKES
THE
LEAD--



AT THE QUARTER, CLIP
CLOSES THE GAP--

--AND AT THE HALF HE
PASSES HIS OPPONENT

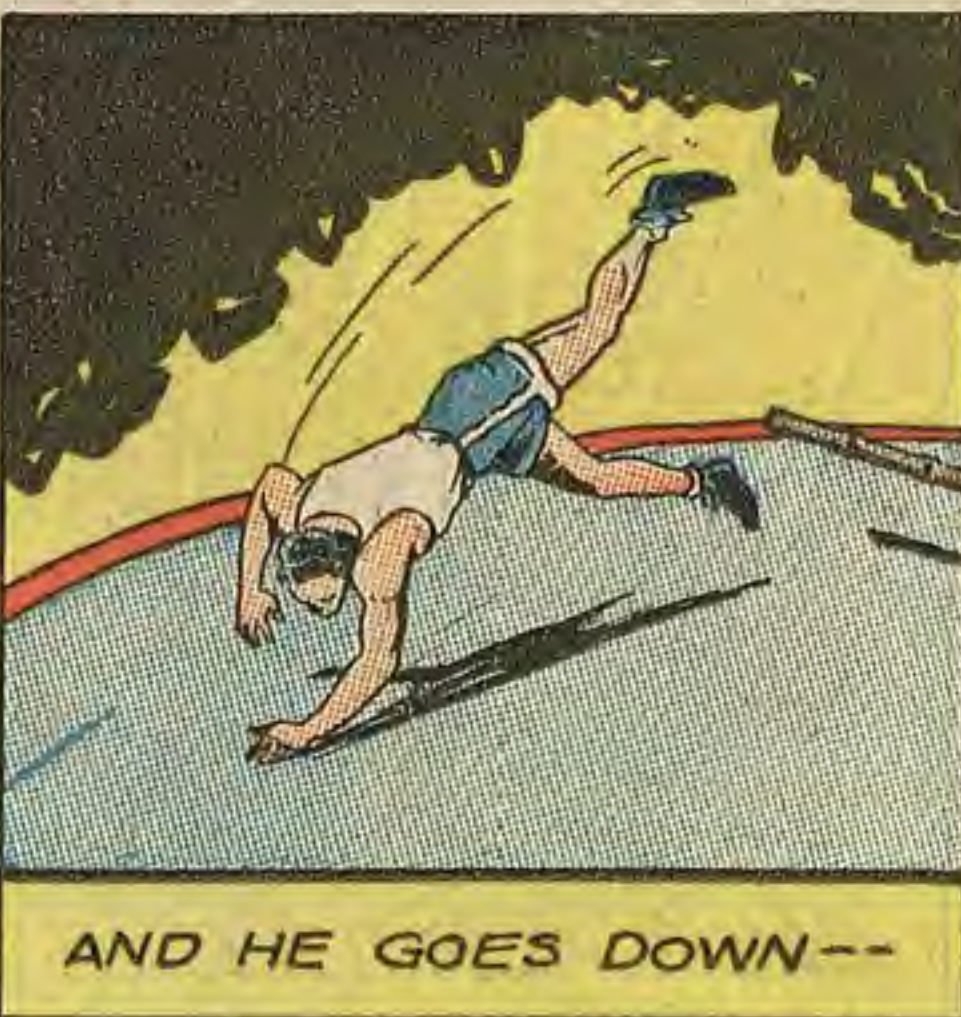


CHUCK! CLIFFSIDE TOOK
THE LEAD AND IF THEY
WIN WE CAN'T COVER
THE BETS I
MADE--I'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING--

BE CAREFUL,
BUB--

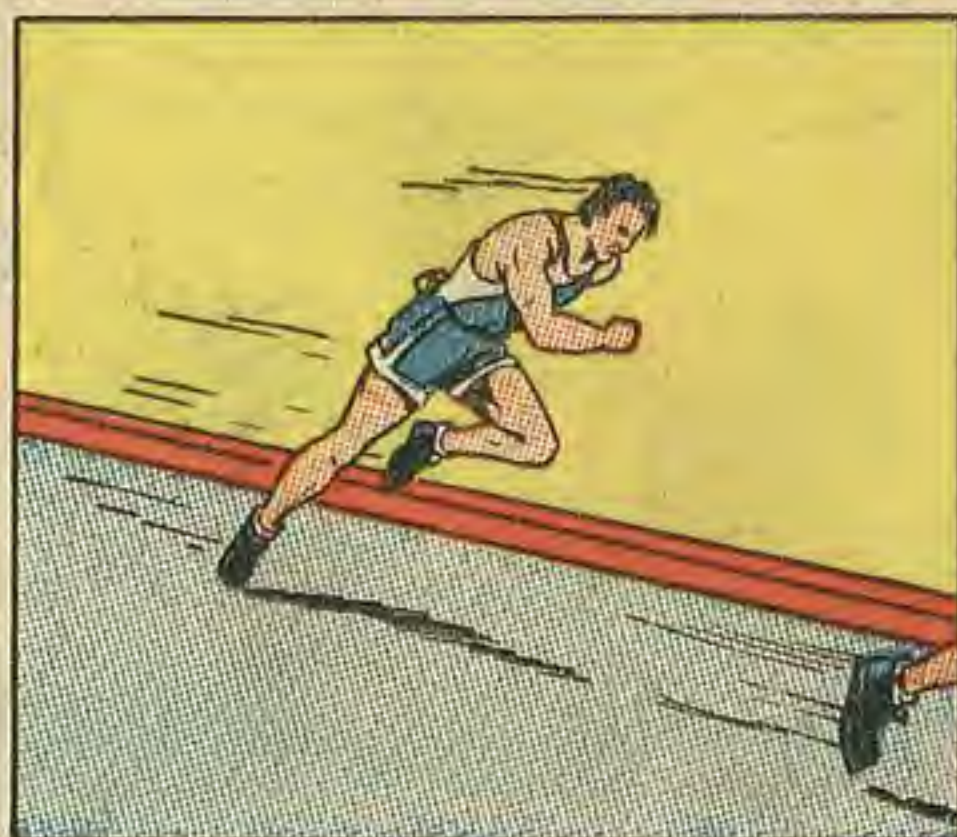


AS CLIP PASSES A DARK
CORNER OF THE TRACK, GOING
INTO THE HOME STRETCH, A
VAULTING POLE IS THRUST
BETWEEN HIS FEET--



AND HE GOES DOWN--

--BUT IS UP ON HIS FEET
IMMEDIATELY--



--AND CROSSES THE FINISH
LINE A STEP AHEAD OF FOX
TO WIN THE RACE AND THE
MEET FOR CLIFFSIDE--



CLIP,
HERE'S THE
GUY WHO
TRIPPED
YOU!

OH, YEAH--?
HOW'D YOU
FIND HIM, SPUD?

I MADE A BET WITH HIM
AND I FIGURED HE LOOKED
LIKE THE TYPE THAT MIGHT
RUN OUT ON ME IF HE
LOST, SO I FOLLOWED HIM
AROUND--NATURALLY,
I SAW HIM TRIP
YOU--AND LET
HIM HAVE THIS
HOCKEY STICK
ON THE HEAD!



WINGS WENDALL

OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

by VERNON HENKEL

FROM THE GREAT AMERICAN SOUTHWEST DESERT MARCHES THE METALLIC- GARBED ARMY OF AN UNKNOWN POWER. MIGHTY LEGIONS WHICH THREATEN TO DESTROY THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF DEMOCRACY, THE UNITED STATES!

BEFORE AMERICA CAN REALIZE ITS PERIL THE INVADERS SMASH INTO THE VAST OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS AND OKLAHOMA ---



... THEN THEY ARE STOPPED BY A DEFENDING AMERICAN FORCE, A MERE HANDFUL OF GRIM WARRIORS WHO KNOW BUT ONE CODE... VICTORY OR DEATH!



GENERAL ADAMS...ORDERS FROM THE PRESIDENT..HOLD YOUR POSITIONS..FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN IF NECESSARY!

YES SIR!



INVASION

AT WASHINGTON, D.C. ...TURMOIL GRIPS THE NATION'S CAPITOL AS CONGRESS HURRIES INTO A SPECIAL SESSION TO MEET THE EMERGENCY

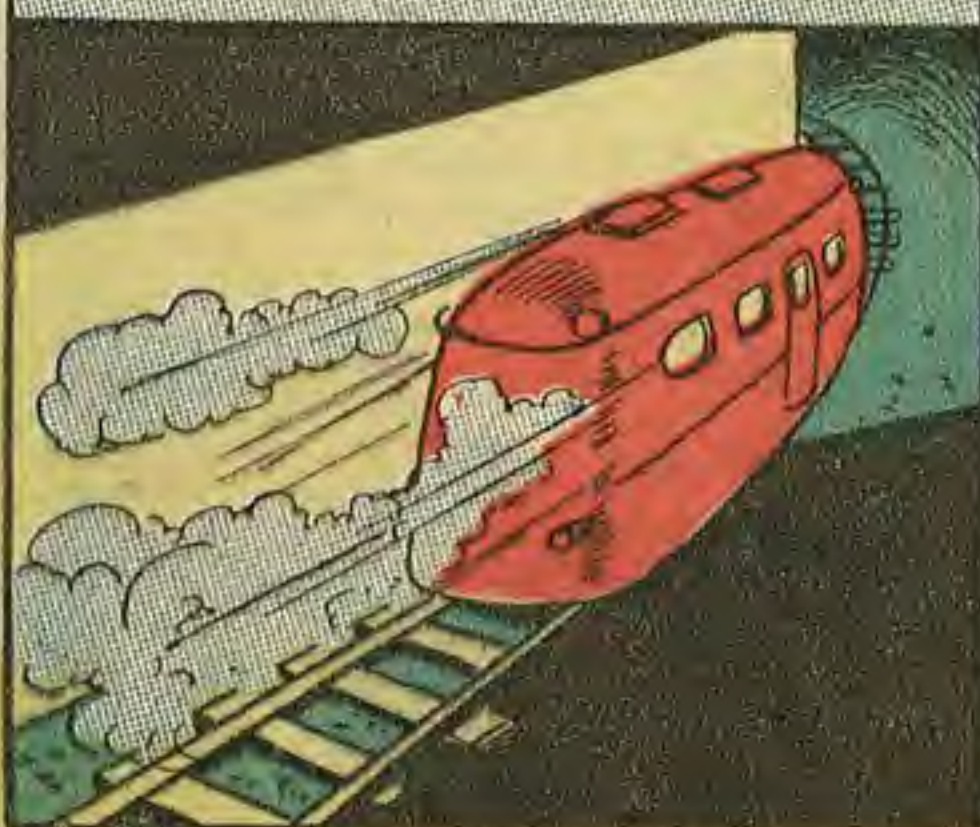


ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEAD-QUARTERS...

CAPTAIN WENDALL, THE INEVITABLE HAS COME... THE PRESIDENT HAS APPOINTED YOU AS A SPECIAL AGENT TO WORK UNDER HIS ORDERS ALONE ...YOU WILL REPORT TO HIM AT ONCE!



WINGS TAKES A SECRET UNDERGROUND CAR TO A SPECIAL HIDDEN MEETING HALL...



MISTER PRESIDENT, WE FACE THE GRAVEST CRISIS IN THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY... THE ACTUAL INVASION OF AMERICA! WE MUST CRUSH THE METALLIC ARMY BEFORE THEY STRENGTHEN THE POSITIONS THEY NOW HOLD! HERE IS MY PLAN...



SUDDENLY, BEFORE WINGS CAN OUTLINE HIS PLAN, THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN AND...

MISTER PRESIDENT!
MISTER PRESIDENT!



OUR ARMY IS BEING CUT TO SHREDS! THE INVADERS HAVE A NEW HORRIBLE WEAPON.. HUGE PROJECTILES, WHICH ALWAYS SCORE DIRECT HITS, ARE

BLASTING OUR LINES TO PIECES!

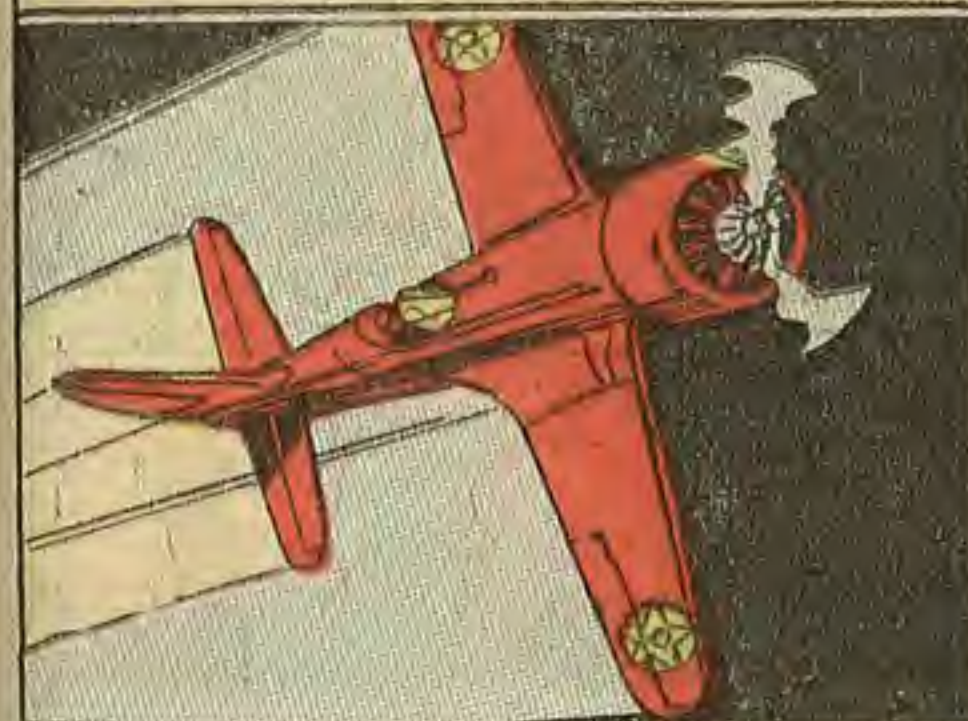


THAT CHANGES MY PLANS! I'M LEAVING FOR THE FRONT IMMEDIATELY!

GOOD LUCK, WINGS, THE FATE OF AMERICA RESTS ON YOUR SHOULDERS!



A SILVER STREAK KNIFES THROUGH THE NIGHT. CAPTAIN WENDALL IS ON HIS WAY...



AS HE NEARS THE FRONT, HE HEARS THE PIERCING, EAR-SPLITTING WHINE OF THE SUPER-PROJECTILES...



OUR POOR SOLDIERS DOWN THERE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!



I'LL DESTROY THOSE SUPER GUNS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



DIVING LOWER, WINGS' ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY ATTRACTED TO A BURNING RANCH HOUSE...



AMERICANS...TRAPPED! BEHIND THE LINES! MAYBE I CAN HELP THEM!!

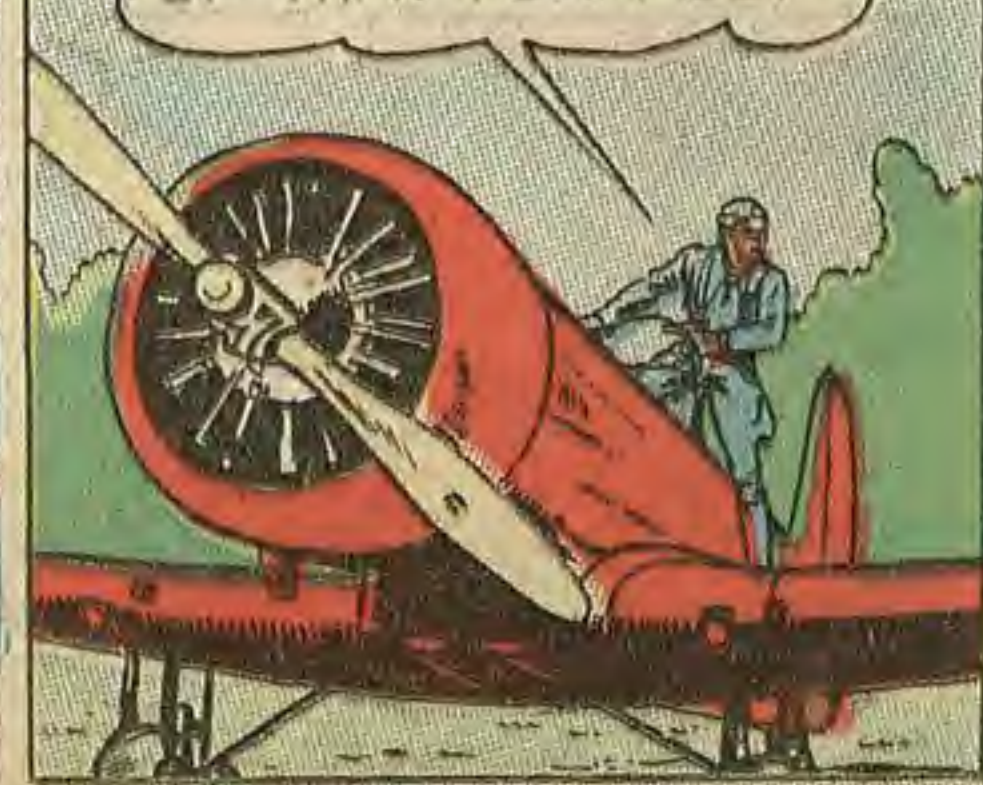
HERE'S YANKEE LEAD, YOU YELLOW FOREIGN RATS!



THE INVADERS FLEE BEFORE WENDALL'S WITHERING FIRE!



THE FOLKS IN THE HOUSE.. I'LL TRY TO GET THEM OUT OF THAT FURNACE!



AS WINGS RUSHES TOWARD THE BURNING BUILDING HE HEARS A SCREAM...



A CRY FOR HELP!

IT'S A GIRL!



GOTTA GET OUTA HERE..THE BUILDING WILL FALL ANY SECOND!



M-MY PLANE! DEMOLISHED! NOW WE CAN'T ESCAPE!



OHHH!

MORE METALLIC SOLDIERS WILL BE BACK.. QUICK.. I'VE AN IDEA!



WINGS TAKES THE UNIFORMS FROM TWO DEAD INVADERS WHO FELL BEFORE HIS PLANE'S FIRE..



AN AMERICAN PLANE LANDED HERE...WHERE IS THE PILOT?



HE WAS SHOT AND KILLED!

YOU SOLDIERS WILL REPORT TO SECTIONAL HEADQUARTERS FOR RESERVE DUTY-HOP IN THE BACK!



IT'S A DANGEROUS GAME, MISS.. AND WE'RE IN IT TOGETHER!



THE TRUCK ROLLS TO A CLOSELY GUARDED BUILDING IN A CITY HELD BY THE INVADERS...



YOU ARE NUMBERS 8 AND 12 ... REPORT TO COMMANDER ZERGOFF, IMMEDIATELY!



YES SIR!

WINGS AND THE GIRL JOIN A GROUP OF SOLDIERS IN ZERGOFF'S OFFICE...



CAREFUL NOW.. WE MUSTN'T BETRAY OURSELVES!

ZERGOFF ADDRESSES THE GROUP IN HIS OFFICE...

YOU MEN ARE ASSIGNED TO SUPER GUN NUMBER 4.. REPORT TO CAPTAIN HARDT!



WINGS AND HIS COMPANIONS REACH THE GUN POSITION..

EVERY TIME THAT GUN FIRES IT KILLS MANY OF OUR FELLOW AMERICANS! WE MUST DESTROY IT!



WELL! STOP GAPING, YOU TWO! GET A MOVE ON, OR...



WHAT?!! THAT'S A GIRL!



AMERICAN SPIES! GET ZEM, MEN!

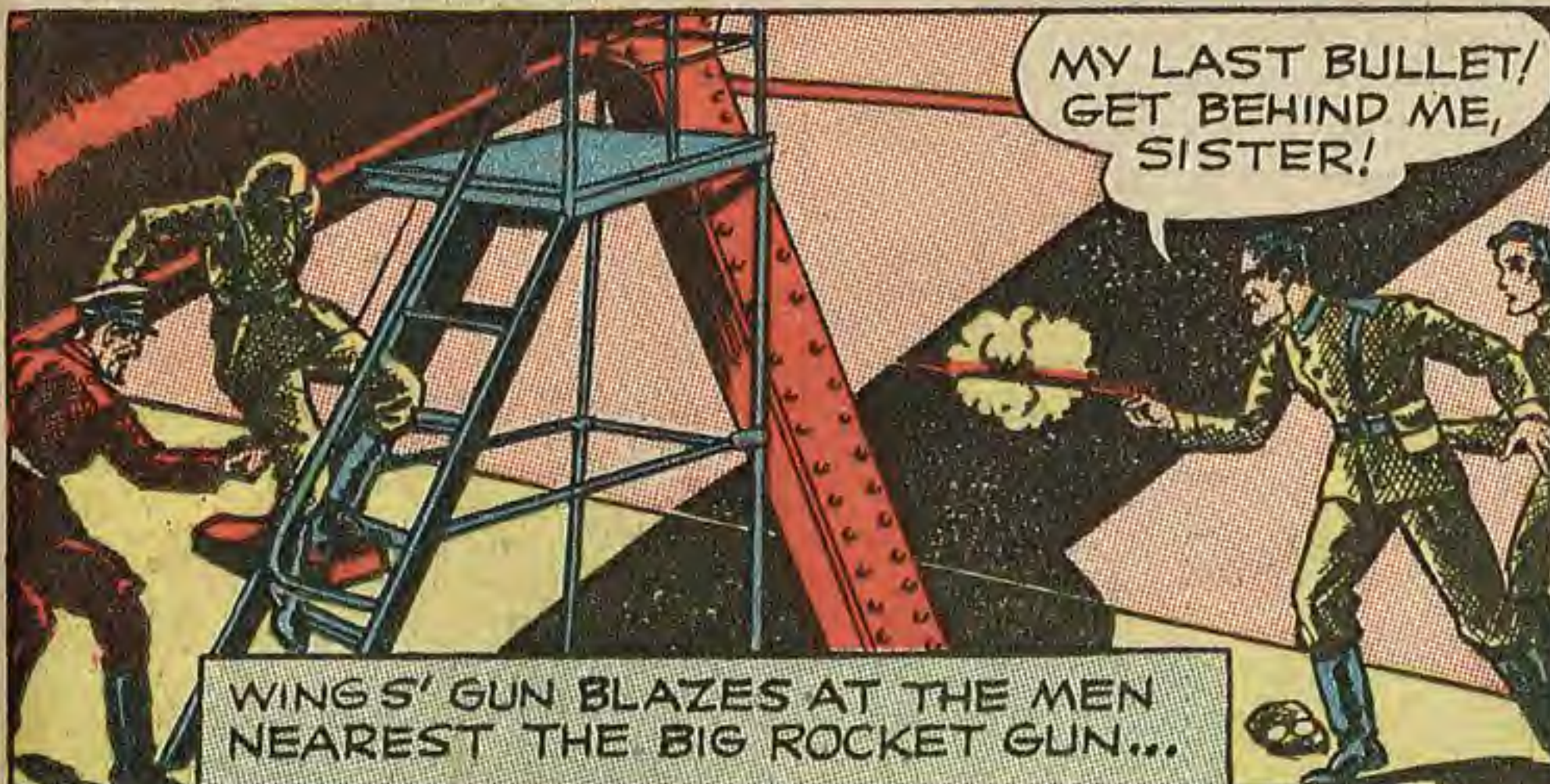


WHAT'LL WE DO? THEY'VE GOT US!

THEY ONLY THINK THEY'VE GOT US!



MY LAST BULLET! GET BEHIND ME, SISTER!



WING'S GUN BLAZES AT THE MEN NEAREST THE BIG ROCKET GUN...

REALIZING THAT CAPTURE MEANS DEATH, WENDALL LASHES OUT SAVAGELY...



OUT OF MY WAY, MUGS!

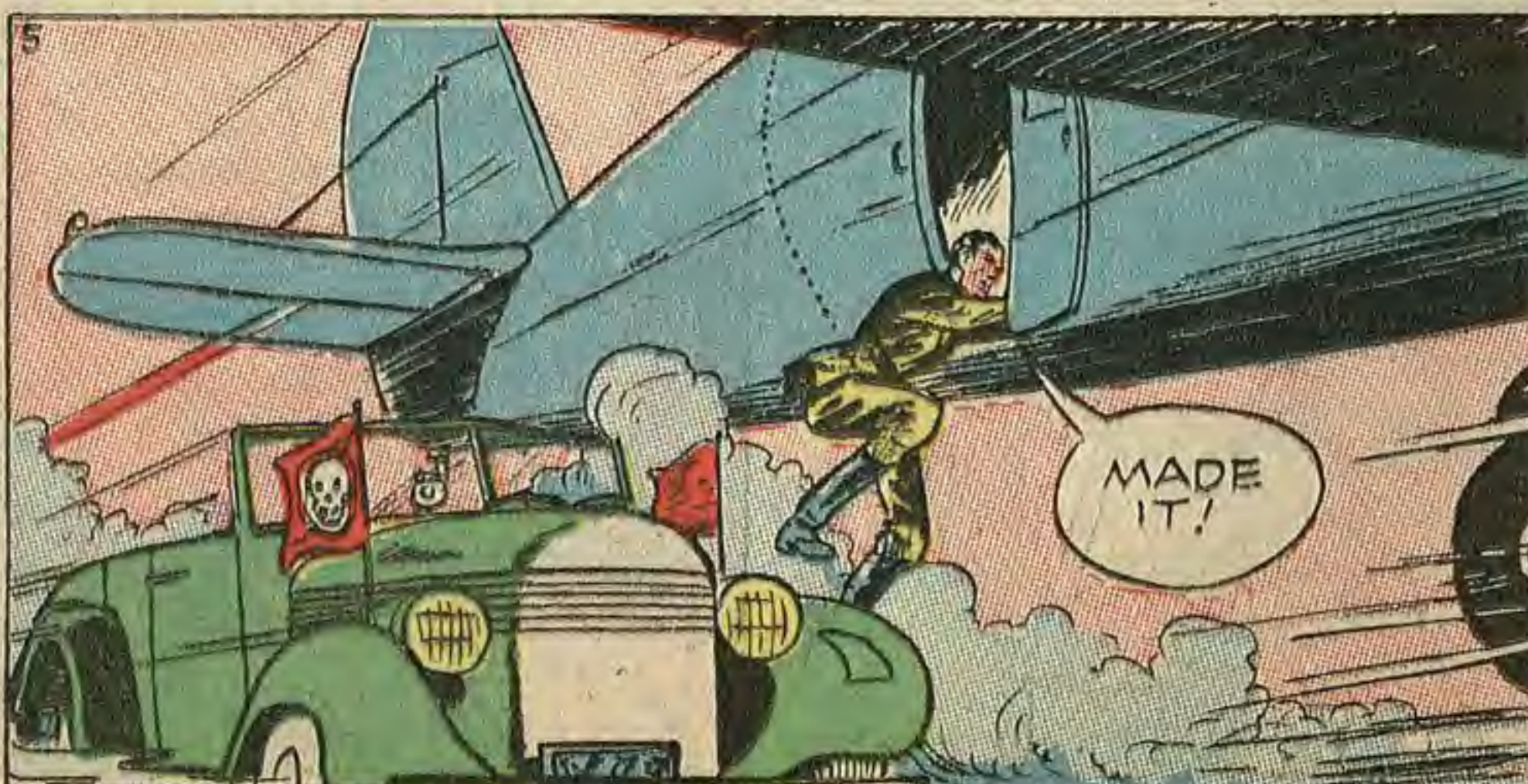


WINGS! HELP!



NO CHANCE TO SAVE THE GAL, NOW! IF I CAN ONLY GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF MAYBE...







WENDALL GRAPPLES WITH THE AIRMAN WHO FACES HIM...



FIGHTING WITH MAD FURY, WINGS FORCES THE MAN TO THE DOOR, THEN A LURCH OF THE PLANE, AND..



NOW TO TAKE OVER THIS SHIP!



SET THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, PILOT! THEN YOU AND YOUR CO-PILOT JUMP!



THE FLIERS BAIL OUT, LEAVING WINGS ALONE IN THE PLANE...



WHEW! IF THEY EVER KNEW THAT GUN OF MINE WAS EMPTY!



STRANGE INSTRUMENTS FOR AN AIRPLANE..WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS THE RADIO-CONTROL PANEL WHICH DIRECTS THE FIRE OF THE SUPER LAND GUNS!



RIPPING OFF HIS DISGUISE, WINGS AGAIN REVEALS HIS UNITED STATES ARMY UNIFORM...

NOW TO GET BACK TO THOSE CONTROLS!



I'LL FIRE THE SUPER GUNS.. BUT THIS TIME I'M SURE THEY WON'T BE AIMED AT AMERICANS!



FLYING OVER THE GUN POSITIONS, WINGS FIRES THE PROJECTILES..

NUMBER ONE..NUMBER TWO..NUMBER THREE..NUMBER...WHAT TH'?? IT'S THE GIRL!



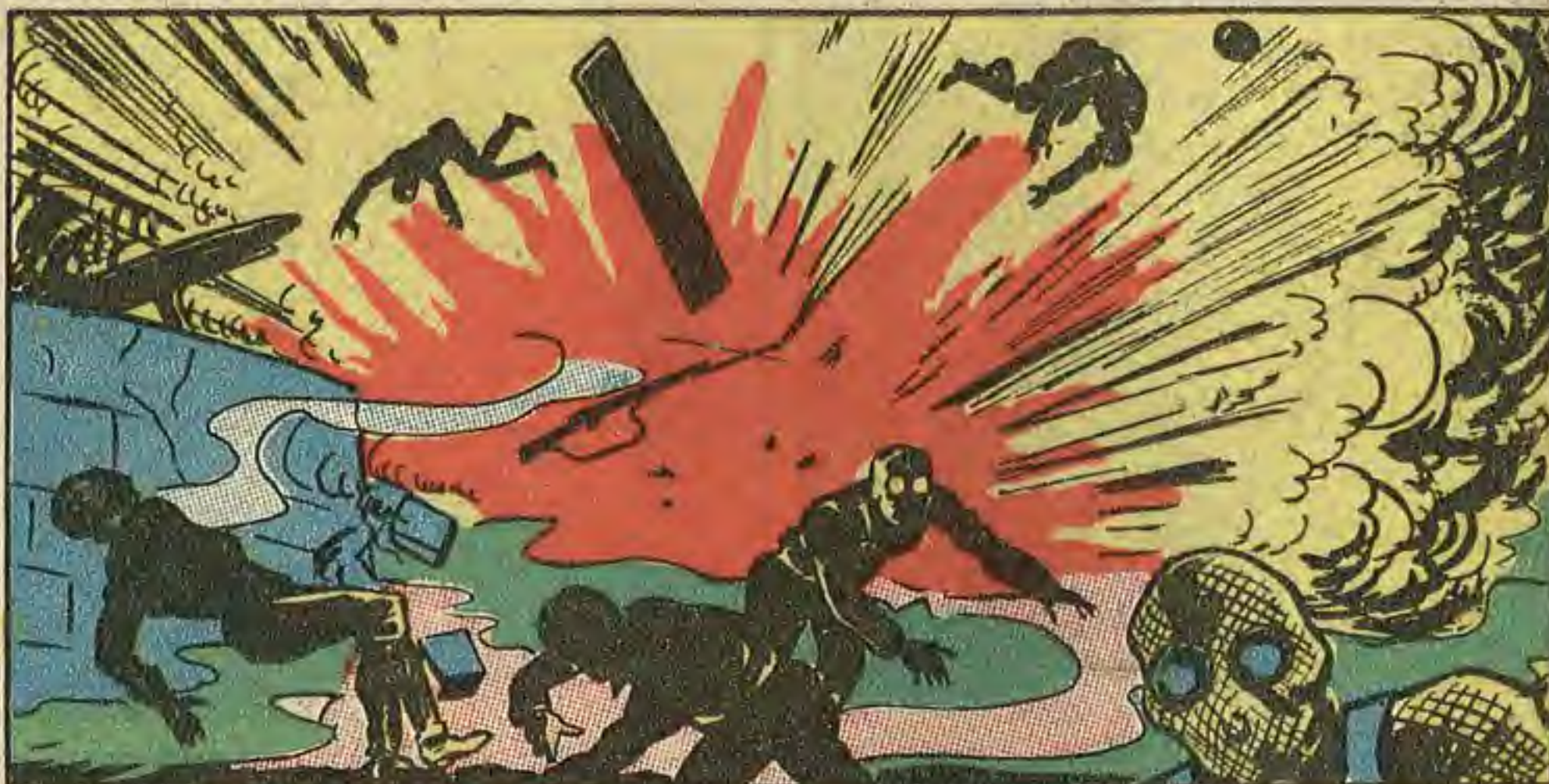
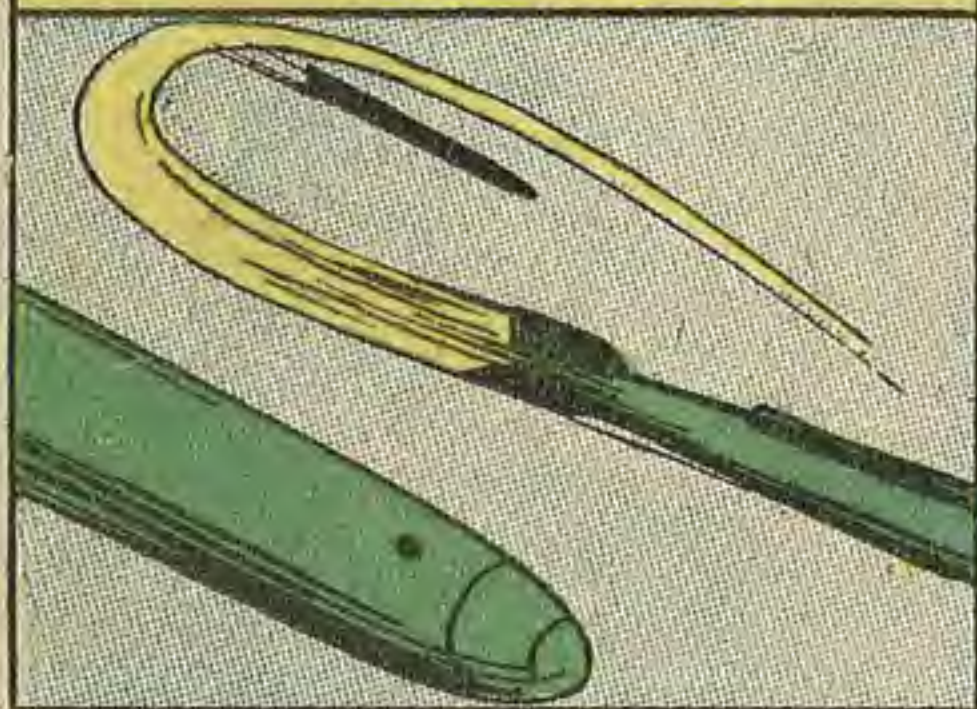
FIRE UP THERE! FIRE NUMBER FOUR, YOU FOOL!

OH HH... NO-NO!



LUCKY I DIDN'T TOUCH OFF NUMBER FOUR! NOW FOR THE DIRECTION CONTROLS OF THOSE FIRST THREE...

AND WINGS DIRECTS THE
SUPER ROCKETS BACK AT
THEIR OWNERS' HEAD-
QUARTERS!



WHILE BACK AT THE
AMERICAN FIELD BASE...

THOSE ROCKETS ARE
DESTROYING THE ENEMY
HEADQUARTERS..WE'LL
ATTACK AT ONCE!



THE UNITED STATES ARMY
ADVANCES!

.. AND ZERGOFF SEES HIS
DREAMS OF EMPIRE CRUSHED.

THE AMERICANS ADVANCE!
WE ARE BEATEN, HARDT!

NO-NO! THERE IS
STILL NUMBER
FOUR ROCKET.. I
CAN FIRE IT FROM
THE GROUND!

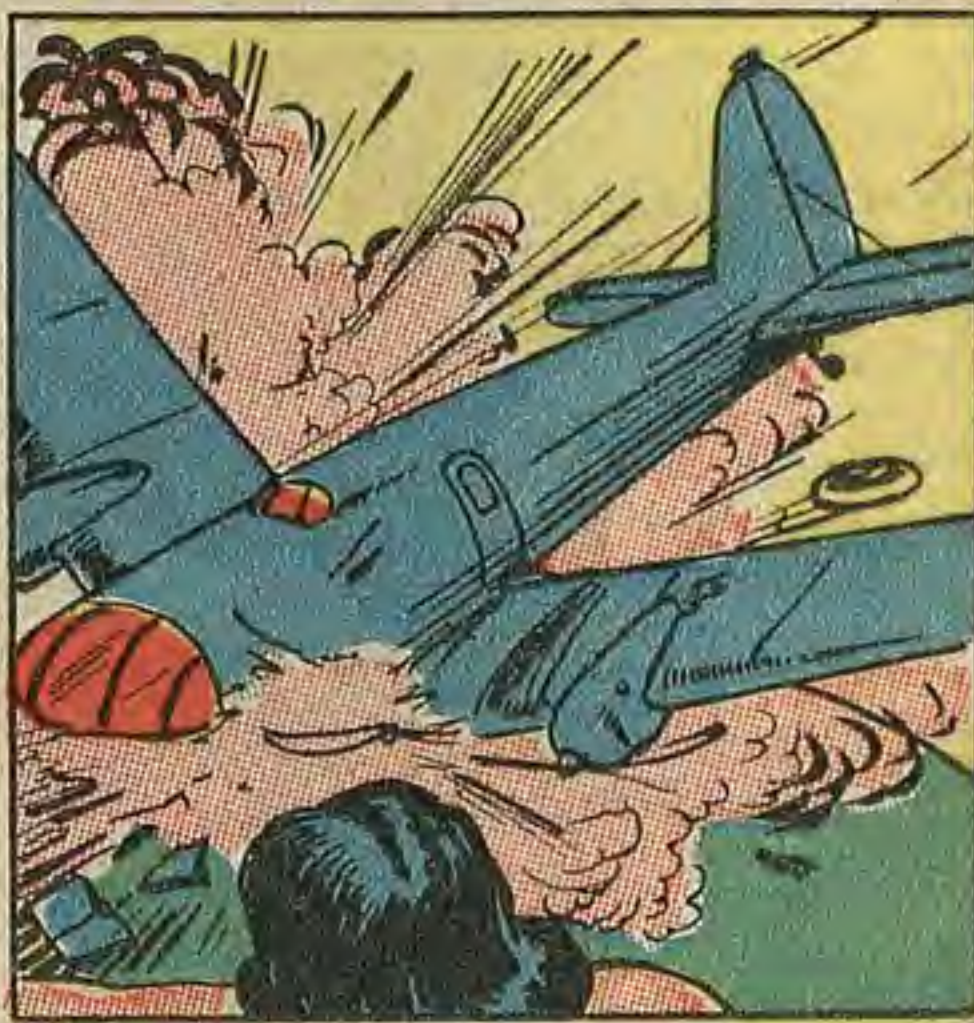


ONE SMASHING BLOW
WILL CRUSH THE
AMERICANS! AND YOU'LL
DIE AS I PROMISED!



.. BUT HIGH ABOVE THE
SUPER GUN...

I'VE JUST ONE THING
TO DO YET...HERE GOES!



HA! IF CRACK-
UPS DON'T
KILL YOU, I
WILL, SPY!

NOT IF I
SHOOT
FIRST,
HARDT!



WELL,
WE'VE
ROUTED
THE
INVADERS,
WENDALL!

FINE! I MUST
DASH BACK TO
WASHINGTON
AND SEE WHAT
THRILL THEY
CAN COOK UP
FOR ME NOW!



Read THE BLACK CONDOR

*The Man
Who Can
Fly!*



Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

Each
Month
in **CRACK**
COMICS

THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
GENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!

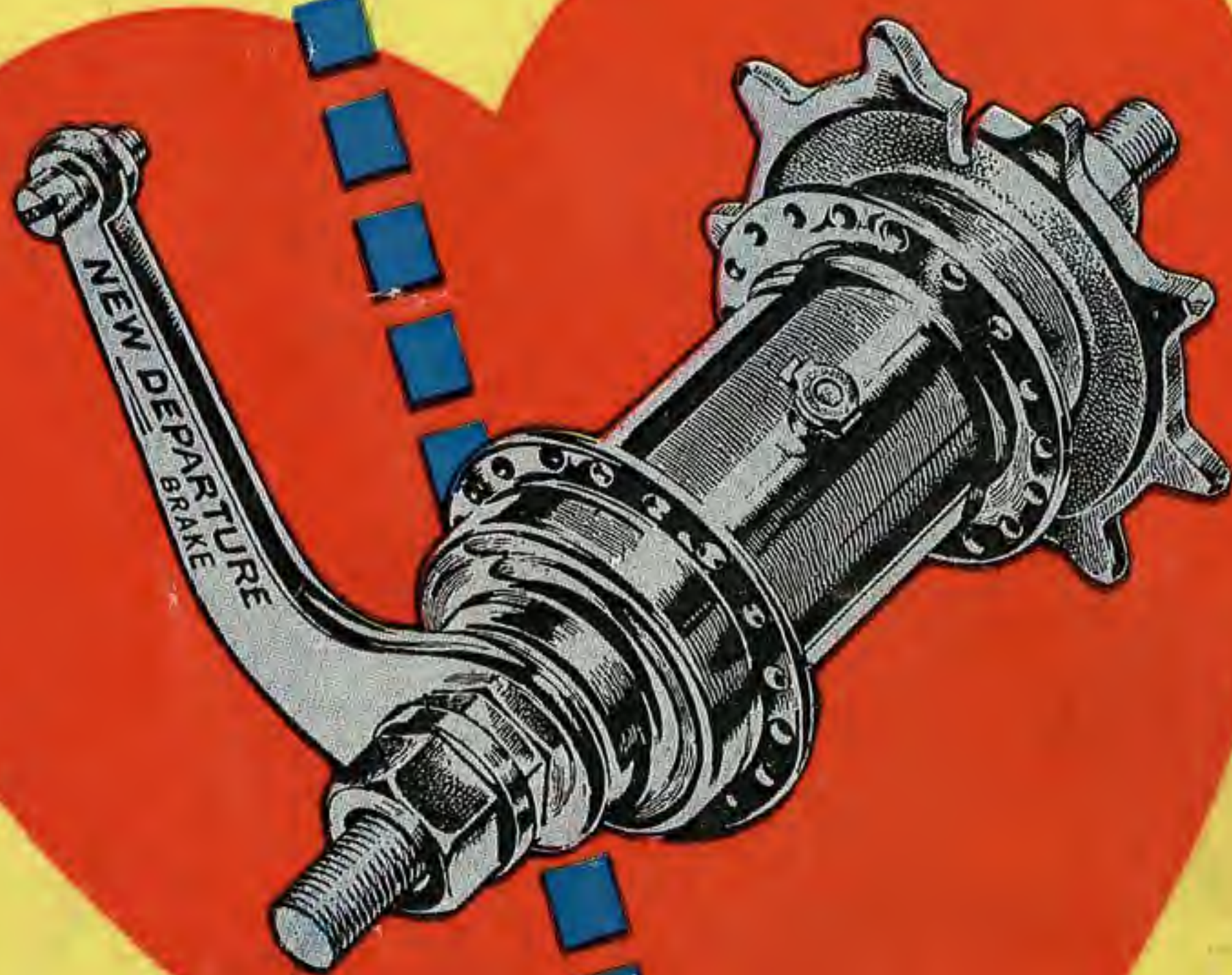
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MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

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easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball
bearings (31) than any other brake. Your
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